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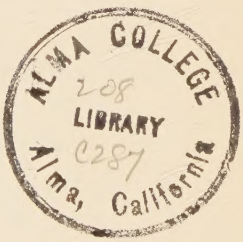
Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society

VOL. XLI



LONDON:
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY:
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.;
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1900.

32002

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CARDINAL WISEMAN

(1802–1865)

"A GREAT change, an awful contrast, between the time-honoured Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas and the poor remnant of their children in the beginning of the nineteenth century! It was a miracle, I might say, to have pulled down that lordly power; but there was a greater and a truer one in store. No one could have prophesied its fall, but still less would any one have ventured to prophesy its rise again."* Yet rise again it did. And the story of this wonderful restoration is the story of the life and work of Cardinal Wiseman.

In the later decades of the eighteenth century, James Wiseman, a merchant of Waterford, went to live at Seville. There his youngest son became a Spanish merchant, and, by a second wife, had two sons, James and Nicholas. The latter, the subject of our sketch, was born on 2nd August 1802.

His mother consecrated him, while yet an infant, to the service of the Church, a service which God was afterwards to accept and bless more signally than the good woman could have hoped. Of the few and early years he spent in his birthplace we have little or no account. It is interesting to note, however, that, although Seville could claim only three of his infant years, she was proud of her son, and,

* Newman, *The Second Spring*.

on his death, named the street in which he was born after him.

James Wiseman, the father, died in 1805, and his wife and children a few weeks afterwards left Spain for Ireland, Mrs Wiseman's home. A boarding-school in Waterford, where his acquaintance with the English language began, had the privilege of contributing to his mind the beginnings, if they were but mites, of that vast and inexhaustible treasure of knowledge with which it was stored in its maturity. When in his eighth year, Nicholas crossed to England and entered Ushaw College. His course of studies, which extended over eight years, he passed through without distinction or evidence of his subsequent brilliancy; but, although uneventful, this was one of the great formative periods of his life. At St. Cuthbert's College he acquired habits and tastes which were the foundations of his genius and character. Of his life and dispositions at this time he himself thus wrote in after years: "I was always considered stupid and dull by my companions (when out of class), and made hardly any friends, and never got any notice or favour from superiors. But I knew that I was reading a great deal more than others without saying a word about it, both in study time and out of it, and I made myself happy enough. . . . . The great lesson which I learnt during the desolate years of college life [was] . . . . self-reliance, not vanity or presumption, but the determination to work for myself." But his latent gifts were not altogether unnoticed. Dr. Lingard, who was then vice-president of the College, recognized the boy's talents, and there sprang up between them an intimacy which lasted till the historian's death.

Two incidents, interesting in the light of after events, may be gathered from this chapter of Nicholas' life. Mrs. Wiseman had fixed her home in Durham, that she might more carefully watch over her son. It chanced that he was staying with his mother at the time of a parliamentary election. Facing the house was the principal inn of the town. Here one of the committees had raised its standard, and here the struggle was at its hottest. Party spirit was running high; an excited mob had gathered; the street was in an uproar. Nicholas, who was standing at the window

to watch the fray, was seen by the crowd. The sight of the lad, whose mother's creed was known and hated, awakened their religious antipathies, and they turned on him with fierceness, changing their conflicting party-cries into the united howls of an infuriated fanaticism. The frightened mother drew him away from the window, and the veering multitude turned again to its political contentions. Some forty years later the same lad, as the leader of the "Papal Aggression," was to withstand and silence the sustained opposition and clamours of a nation. "Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

Again, we notice that Rome, which he had but faint hopes of ever visiting, but where he was to spend twenty-two years of his life, had attracted betimes the interest of young Wiseman; and "a little college society, devoted to the queen of cities," had been formed by him for the study of its history, topography, and antiquities. The outcome of these researches was an attempt by Nicholas and another student at a romance of early Christian life in the Eternal City, entitled "Fabius," a youthful dream admirably realised years afterwards in the charming pages of *Fabiola*.

In 1818 young Wiseman's education at Ushaw terminated. He had resolved to become a priest, and, in this year, went, with five fellow church-students, to begin the more immediate preparation for the sacred ministry at Rome,—"sent," as Wiseman says, "to colonize the English College in that city after it had been desolate and uninhabited during almost the period of a generation."

This reopening of the "venerable English College" was but one of the many evidences of the revival which had followed the restoration of Pius VII. From the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773 by Clement XIV., to satisfy the Bourbon courts whose demands and threats had broken his predecessor's heart, till the return of Pius VII. to Rome in 1815, the annals of the Pontificate tell almost uniformly a history of affliction and disaster. The principles of Voltaire and of his freethinking followers had been gaining influence, and in most of the governments of Europe had won adherents: these were strong enough to begin, in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, their systematic attempt

to destroy the authority of the Holy See by a combined attack on its strongest champions, the Jesuits. The suppression of the Society having been gained, the campaign against the Papal power was vigorously prosecuted In these assaults Joseph II. of Austria was conspicuously to the fore: under the pretext of introducing useful and necessary reforms, he did his utmost to secularize and abolish religious orders, to spoil the property of the Church, to fill episcopal sees without the authorization of the Pope, to separate Churches from the centre of unity and make them national. His brother Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Neapolitan minister, and the Venetian Republic pursued a like policy. To avert the dangers, Pius VI. went in person to Vienna. The journey was one uninterrupted triumph; but it was fruitless. The nation received him with open arms, but Joseph turned his back on him: and he had to return, leaving the hostile laws unrepealed and the Emperor's policy unaltered. This opposition to the Pope's spiritual power culminated in 1790 in the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," decreed by the National Assembly of France.

The temporal power of the Pope was now to suffer. Napoleon, by threatened advances on Rome, not only extorted cessions of territory and heavy war contributions, but also plundered the libraries and galleries of their rarest MSS. and most valuable treasures. The Papal government was brought to the very verge of ruin. In 1798 a French official was accidentally killed while the Papal troops were putting down an insurrection; and the French advanced on Rome, entered without opposition, and proclaimed it a Republic. The indomitable Pope was dragged from the Vatican, and exiled; and two months later peacefully passed away at Valence. His successor, Pius VII., began his chequered pontificate at Venice, but in July 1800 was allowed to enter Rome by Napoleon, who saw that he could not hope to form his empire until, by re-establishing the Church, he had restored peace and order to society. The Emperor's reconciliation with the Sovereign Pontiff was but one of policy; and it was soon cancelled by his insatiable ambition. Four years later, as Pius journeyed to Paris to crown the Emperor, he "moved through a nation

on its knees." Napoleon's deep-seated dislike was intensified by the people's enthusiastic reception of the Pope; and, immediately after the coronation, his wounded pride manifested itself in several decrees prejudicial to the interests of the Church, which were followed up by seizures of territory and, in 1808, by a second entry of the French into Rome. The next year the Pope refused to accede to the Vienna decree by which the remaining Roman states were annexed to the French empire; and on his pronouncing excommunication against the invaders of the rights and territory of the Holy See, he was carried off and confined at Savona. After his disastrous Russian campaign, fearing a revolution of feeling among Frenchmen still devoted to the Church, Napoleon hastened to be reconciled with the Holy Father. The latter, however, could not accept the Emperor's terms, and remained a prisoner until the allied forces were in possession of half of France in 1814; when he was liberated, and re-entered Rome amid the joyous acclamations of his delighted people. But, on Napoleon's escape from Elba a few months later, an army again advanced on Rome, and the persecuted Pius had to flee. Waterloo removed the danger; and he returned to take peaceful possession of his faithful city, never again to leave it.

With the return of Pius VII. to Rome came the dawn of a new day of happiness and prosperity, and the Church arose from her long and deep slumber, refreshed and invigorated, and full of strenuous activity. The Pope, with the aid of his great minister, Cardinal Consalvi, at once undertook the reorganization of the entire state, the formation of a new magistracy, and the establishment of new municipal, financial and ecclesiastical systems. The Society of Jesus was re-established; the religious were recalled and their houses restored; the exiled cardinals and prelates returned with their suites. By the enlightened and liberal policy of the Papal government the people were filled with cheerfulness and confidence; and, most of all, by the restoration of the grand and impressive ceremonies of the Church was Rome herself again.

With this buoyant and hopeful revival young Wiseman, on his arrival in Rome, was thrown into direct contact, and by it a great influence was exercised on his pursuits, his thoughts, and the whole direction of his life. This exhilarating and bracing atmosphere soon developed in him that deep impressionableness, that fertile and robust imagination, of which the "dull and stupid" boy had given no indications. The re-opening of the English College, "after it had been sealed up as a tomb for a generation," was in itself an event full of interest and encouragement to him. "One felt at once at home," he wrote; "the house belonged to no one else; it was English ground, a part of fatherland, a restored inheritance." On the return of the treasures to the museums and libraries, the arts and sciences reappeared, and were pursued with enthusiasm; and the presence of eminent writers and thinkers stimulated him to work, and promoted a desire for the general knowledge for which, in later years, he was to be so remarkable. The magnificent papal functions, doubly significant after the recent persecutions of the Pontiff, could not fail to produce "impressions never to be effaced," and gave him that keen relish for the ceremonies of the Church which was to manifest itself even when he was on his death-bed.

On the 18th of December 1818 the Ushaw contingent arrived in Rome, and on the 24th Wiseman and five other students were presented to the Pope. The Rector's journal records the event thus: "Dec. 24.—. . . . The Holy Father received them standing, shook hands with each, and welcomed them to Rome. . . . . He exhorted the youths to learning and piety, and said, 'I hope you will do honour both to Rome and to your country.'" Wiseman, in his *Recollections*, writes of his first audience: "The friendly and almost national grasp of the hand—(after due homage had been willingly paid)—between the Head of the Catholic Church, venerable by his very age, and a youth who had nothing even to promise; the first exhortation on entering a course of ecclesiastical study—its very inaugural discourse, from him who was believed to be the fountain of spiritual wisdom on earth; these surely formed a double tie, not to be broken but rather strengthened by every subsequent ex-

perience." Thus began his contact with the Sovereign Pontiffs, a contact which, as he says, for those who have continued for years under its winning and impressive influence, "becomes a fixed element, constant and persevering, where all else may differ, and gives a warmth and strength to their religious and ecclesiastical convictions."

His studies, during the years of student life at the English college, were by no means limited to the ordinary subjects of the Roman University. Italian art, music, Roman antiquities, and Oriental languages were congenial to him, and he found time to master them. Referring to this period, he wrote: "The life of a student in Rome should be one of unblended enjoyment. . . . . His very relaxations become at once subsidiary to his work and yet most delightfully recreative. His daily walks may be through the field of art . . . . his wanderings along the stream of time . . . . a thousand memories, a thousand associations accompanying him." We may here observe that this day-dreaming of his, this indulgence of his fertile imagination, was never mere idle reverie; it was not the gratification of weak sentiment, but was ever subservient and accessory to his pursuit of knowledge. The Catacombs had an especial attraction for him, and became so familiar that when he came to write his minute descriptions of them in *Fabiola*, he had to consult hardly any work or monument. This period of his life, regulated by the college routine, was of an even and uneventful character, being occasionally varied by some of the solemn Papal ceremonies, of which his *Recollections* * give such vivid but glowing pictures.

In July 1824, Nicholas, having concluded his theological studies, held a public disputation in which he had to defend in argument propositions embracing the entire field of Catholic theology. In this test of his powers he acquitted himself with distinction, and took his degree as Doctor of Divinity. Five months later he was ordained sub-deacon; the following January he received the diaconate, and on 10th March he attained "the aim of years, the goal of long preparation, the longed-for crown of unwaver-

* *Recollections of the Last Four Popes.*

ing desires, the only prize thought worthy of being aspired to," the priesthood. His school-fellows passed on and were hard at work in England, but he remained behind in Rome "enjoying, simply enjoying, the fulness of that luxury, spiritual and intellectual, which he and they, so far, had only sipped." Freed from the yoke of a repressive discipline, he followed the bent of his inclinations: musing wanderings through old ruins and deserted ways of the ancient city, visits to the Basilicas, full of imaginative enjoyment of their associations and monuments of art, relieved the hours spent over oriental MSS. in the Vatican library. Of these studies his first book, the *Horae Syriacae*, which appeared in 1827, was the result. It consisted of three Latin dissertations, one theological—an argument for the literal meaning of the text, "This is My Body"; the other two philological—on the history of the Syriac versions of the Old Testament. This work had an immediate effect on young Wiseman's fortunes. It won for him among scholars a European reputation and brought him into communication with many eminent orientalists; it also led to his being appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in the Roman University by Leo. XII. English scholars showed their appreciation of his work by electing him a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and, a little later, an honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature.

After holding the post of Vice-rector of the English College for about twelve months, Wiseman succeeded Dr. Gradwell, who was made a Bishop and sent to England, as Rector. This appointment drew him from his books and brought him into touch with the society of Rome. His remarkable attainments attracted many scholars to him, and he thus came to be visited by the leaders of the Catholic reaction in Europe. His conversations with these men turned his mind more definitely towards the cause of the Church in England, a cause to which his later years were to be devoted. By the associations of his home in Rome, this cause was always kept before him: the English College was the home of the martyrs; the Church was dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. It was by

a series of events which nourished his hope of a Catholic revival in England that he was finally induced to take an active part in the movement. In 1827 he became the preacher for the English visitors. This office and his position as Rector made him a prominent representative of the English in Rome. Friendly intercourse with English Protestants and an occasional conversion raised his expectations. One who had a great influence on his hope for the conversion of England was Mr. Spencer—afterwards Father Ignatius—who came to the College in 1830. Whilst preparing for ordination he had many talks with Wiseman on this subject, which was so near his heart, and one day bluntly told him he should devote himself more to this than to purely intellectual studies. This advice was soon acted upon. Wiseman sent two sermons which "might help on the great cause" to be printed in England, and announced his intention of contributing to the *Catholic Magazine*. In 1833 Newman and Froude came to Rome, and impressed Wiseman deeply by their earnestness and Catholic temper of mind. "From the day of Newman and Froude's visit to me, never for an instant did I waver in my conviction that a new era had commenced in England . . . . to this grand object I devoted myself . . . . the favourite studies of former years were abandoned for the pursuit of this aim alone."

Full of confidence, Wiseman now began to think of visiting England, with a view to furthering the Catholic cause. He proposed to found a Catholic University and to edit a Catholic Review, and determined to make a reconnoitring visit in the summer of 1835. Meanwhile he collected, at the suggestion of friends, the results of his philological and scientific studies, and delivered from them his lectures, "On the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion." These lectures won great admiration, and were the occasion of friendly intercourse with many of the scholars of Europe.

In August of 1855 he left Rome. After a few days in London, he "set out on a species of tour, or rather progress, having made a resolution never to sleep in an inn or hostelry the whole way," in order to acquaint himself with the senti-

ments of his fellow Catholics. The result did not encourage his hopes. He found the Catholics, although the Emancipation Act had been passed, still feeling their inequality and indisposed to assert themselves. "Their shackles had been removed, but not the numbness and cramp which they had produced." From another quarter, however, encouragement was to come. In the advent he gave a few controversial lectures at the Sardinian Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The reputation he had brought from Rome for learning and ability drew large congregations to hear them, and they produced an immense sensation. At Moorfields Church he lectured in the following Lent with even greater success, and excited a vast amount of public interest. The warm reception accorded by the press and the public to the lectures, and the conversions which followed them, aroused the spirit of enterprise among the English Catholics. The *Dublin Review* was founded, and Wiseman, seeing in it an opportunity of aiding the Oxford movement and of strengthening loyalty to Rome, promised his co-operation. By October 1836 he was back again in office at the English College, but henceforward, as his regular contributions to the *Review* indicate, his thoughts were largely concerned with England.

Conscious of the necessity of a zealous and cultivated priesthood for the work in England, he devoted the next three years mainly to the training of the students. He visited England again in 1839, and wrote for the *Dublin Review* some articles which considerably hastened the development of the Oxford movement. Wiseman now realized the prominent part he had to play in the promotion of "the great cause"; and, on his return to Rome, declared his wish to take up permanent residence in England. This request, which had also been expressed by the English ecclesiastical authorities, the Pope was soon enabled to grant. Bishop Walsh, the Vicar Apostolic of the Central District, needed the assistance of a coadjutor, and Wiseman was chosen for the position. Oscott College, being favourably situated in the district, was determined on for his home, and in the May of 1840 he was named its President. On June 8th he was consecrated titular Bishop of Melipotamus, and a month later he said farewell to Rome, where

twenty-two years of his life had been spent, and turned towards England, "the land dear to him by holy love, the vineyard of the Lord."

On 16th September 1840 Wiseman arrived at Oscott, and was received with every mark of honour and respect both by professors and students. From the very first he had fixed and definite views as to the part he was to play as president. He looked upon Oscott, as he says in a memorandum written some years later, "not as a place to educate a few boys, but as the rallying-point of the yet silent but vast movement towards the Catholic Church." In short, "it was to be the centre which was to draw the movement in the Established Church towards the Roman See." Hence during his presidency, which was co-extensive with the period of greatest activity in the Oxford Movement, he received visits from most of the better known converts either before or immediately after their conversion. Wiseman's large views, however, put him out of touch with the other professors, who, absorbed in the routine of college life, were inclined to look upon his aims as extravagant. He had, therefore, to pursue his course almost unaided and alone, a trial wellnigh overwhelming to his sensitive nature. Often in his darkest days and hours, as he himself says, "feeling as if alone in his hopes, did he walk up and down in front of Oscott contemplating the share it was to have in the great forward movement of the Established Church, and feeling as assured of it as if the word of prophecy had spoken it." He was not quite alone, however: he always had the entire sympathy and whole-hearted co-operation of his old friend Father Ignatius Spencer, at that time a professor at Oscott. He also received much valuable support from Augustus Welby Pugin. Though their views on architecture did not always coincide, Wiseman nevertheless appreciated Pugin's single-minded aim and allowed him full scope for his designs. Pugin on his part lent his aid to Wiseman in his efforts to bring about what, after the question of re-union, was perhaps nearest to his own heart, namely, the more effective rendering of the liturgical ceremonies at Oscott. By their combined efforts, these ceremonies were brought to a perfection never realized

before. Some still living recall the deep impression produced upon them by the Church services.

Although Wiseman's relations with his fellow professors were not all that could be desired, he was extremely popular with the boys. "We were proud of him," writes Lord Acton, a student under him. "We were not afraid of him, he was approachable and gracious." Many of the boys and divines chose him as their spiritual director. He was a great favourite, too, during recreation. He took a keen interest in the various games, and when in the grounds, was always surrounded by a crowd of boys who listened eagerly to his never-ending stock of anecdotes.

The great earnestness with which Wiseman viewed the question of re-union of the Church of England with Rome is clearly seen from his letters during this period. "God knows," he says in one of them, "I would willingly give my life, if it would hasten the re-union of this country or part of it with the Apostolic See." At the conclusion of another long letter dealing with this same subject, he writes: "I have allowed myself to be carried away in writing to you [Mr. Phillipps] on a subject which day and night has been before me for five years." That he looked to Oxford as the best means of bringing about this re-union is equally evident. "Let even a small number of such men as write in the tracts," he writes, ". . . . enter fully into the spirit of the Catholic religion, and we shall be speedily reformed and England quickly converted." He held the highest opinion both of their ability and earnestness of purpose. Once they were working on the side of the Catholic Church he would be content to yield them pride of place and would gladly take a secondary position. "If the Oxford Divines enter the Church we must be ready to fall into the shade and take up our position in the background. I will gladly yield to them place and honour if God's good service require it. It is true," he goes on, "they cannot prevail *against* us because a stronger One than they supports us, but let them be *with* us and their might in His will be irresistible."

We can well imagine so zealous a spirit chafing under his enforced inaction within the narrow limits of Oscott, and waiting and longing to avail himself of the smallest en-

couraging sign to stretch out a helping hand to those who sought but could not reach the light. He kept himself informed of all that was passing among the men of Oxford, and in any direct communications showed them unfailing courtesy and sympathy. He did his utmost also to soften the harsh attacks to which they were subjected through old Catholic feeling and prejudice. This conservative feeling among Catholics was very strong at the time, and the Oxford party were publicly accused of treachery and insincerity. Many even of the leading clergy, though not going to this extreme, expected little from the Movement, and therefore refrained from taking any share in it. Wiseman's position on this account was one of extreme delicacy, and it required all his tact and resource to deal anything like successfully with the difficulty. The greatness of his responsibility did not escape him. As the Movement advanced he felt more and more reluctant to act on his own initiative. His letters abound with appeals for prayers to enable him to act aright. At every new development he communicated with the Holy See, and more than once contemplated a visit to Rome that he might receive definite instructions from the lips of the Holy Father himself. In this absolute reliance on the advice of the Sovereign Pontiff lies the secret of his unswerving fidelity to a course of action regarded by most as questionable, to say the least. "Let me know," he says, "that the Vicegerent of Christ approves of my course, and I shall not care for all the world, nor allow differences of opinion to check my exertions." And having received many tokens of encouragement from the Pope, he was content. Rome had approved his plan of campaign: he desired nothing more.

One other element which undoubtedly helped to support Wiseman in his ceaseless but unaided efforts for reunion was his sanguine temperament. To this was due his rather optimistic view of the whole situation, and to this source also can be traced many acts which, viewed apart, seem somewhat indiscreet. Occasionally, it is true, a violent re-action accompanied by excessive dejection would set in—as in the case of the relapse of R. W. Sibthorp, an Oxford

convert, when Wiseman, overcome by grief, spent a day in bed—but on the whole he took a very hopeful view of the question, and this, without doubt, helped to compensate for lack of sympathy and support.

Between the autumn of 1841 and the end of the year 1843 Wiseman worked quietly but steadily for the object he had so much at heart. He entertained several of the Oxford men, including Bloxam, Ward, Oakeley, and Sibthorp, all of whom afterwards entered the Church. He also worked hard to win English and Irish Catholics to a more friendly attitude towards the Oxford party. The instinctive spirit of opposition and distrust evinced by a large number of Catholics towards those not actually born within the fold formed one of Wiseman's chief difficulties throughout his whole career. It was in striking contrast to his own cordial attitude, and, indeed, at this time was so pronounced as to threaten to form a serious obstacle in the way of anything like a substantial re-union. He tried hard to remove this bitter feeling, but it was too strong to be easily cast aside, and perhaps the majority of Catholics did not care to make the necessary effort. Consequently this part of Wiseman's labour met with less success than usual.

Meanwhile time was speeding on. The spring of 1845 came, summer passed away, and still the Oxford party remained undecided. At length, when Wiseman's anxiety and impatience were getting almost beyond endurance, the beginning of the end was announced. On 9th October John Henry Newman made his unconditional surrender to the Catholic Church, and was baptized by the Passionist Fr. Dominic.* On 1st November he was confirmed at Oscott by Dr. Wiseman. Though the first meeting between Wiseman and the illustrious convert naturally occasioned some embarrassment, the ice was soon broken, and before the end of Newman's visit he had "opened his mind completely" to Wiseman, as the latter says in a letter to Dr. Russell of Maynooth. This same letter gives us the clue to the nature of Wiseman's work for the next year or two. From it we learn that during Newman's confirmation there

* See *The Conversion of Cardinal Newman*. C.T.S., 1*d*.

were ten quondam Anglican clergymen in the chapel, and that fresh conversions were daily helping to swell the stream. For many of these new converts posts had to be found, and this duty devolved almost entirely upon Wiseman. The best method of preparation for those of the neophytes who wished to become priests also caused him considerable anxiety. Even after their reception into the Church these men were regarded with suspicion by many Catholics, and he felt that unless this spirit of distrust were removed their utility as priests would be greatly diminished. How to do away with this almost caste distinction between the converts and old Catholics was the problem exercising Wiseman's mind. Once that was solved, he looked for great results from the movement. The solution which seemed to him the best was to obtain for the converts Roman approbation and encouragement. Loyal Catholics could not but receive men whose work had received the direct sanction of Rome, the centre of Catholicity. It was with this idea that he persuaded Newman and several of the leading converts to pursue their ecclesiastical studies in Rome. The sympathy which Wiseman never failed to show those who were either seeking or who had but lately found the light caused the converts, almost without exception, to fly to him in their difficulties, thereby greatly increasing his already heavy work. This phase of the situation is touched upon by him in a letter to Dr. Russell, written probably in 1846. His health for some time had been weak; and disquieting symptoms were again showing themselves. Wiseman mentions this and then goes on: "I own that while I see the folly of even thinking on such a subject, I am sometimes tempted to consider what would be the consequence of my being disabled, by death or illness, from carrying on the various matters which have been almost exclusively thrown on my hands. I can hardly explain to you what they are—but I feel that many among the converts as yet feel that they have only one person to look to in many respects. . . . . You would be surprised how few can even *understand* their wants. . . . ."

The time was close at hand when Wiseman himself was to be misunderstood, not by a few co-religionists, but by

the whole English nation. The question of the restoration of the Hierarchy was soon to be discussed.

In July 1847 Wiseman went to Rome as the representative of the English Vicars Apostolic, to consult with the Holy See as to the advisability of restoring in England ecclesiastical government by Hierarchy. During this visit he did little more than state his case, as within two months of his arrival he was sent back to England by Pius IX. on a diplomatic mission to the Government.

On his return he was appointed temporarily Vicar Apostolic of the London District, and on the death of Dr. Walsh, in February 1849, the appointment became permanent. This change necessitated his removal from Oscott, and he took up his residence in Golden Square, in the house formerly occupied by his predecessor. It was a noteworthy characteristic of Wiseman that he threw himself into the work of the hour as though it were the one object of his being and vocation. In every phase of his life this feature is especially prominent. How fully he occupied himself with his new duties may be gathered from two letters written in 1849 to Dr. Newsham, President of Ushaw. In the first he says: "I wish I could explain to you how we are going on here. I think God is blessing us. . . . . I have plans in view for the organization of the district. . . . . All I want is time and rest, but I cannot get either." And in the second, written from Eastbourne, during a short respite: "I have not been allowed one moment's leisure. If at home, there are calls from morning till night; if I am out, it is to attend public dinners, meetings, sermons, openings, etc., so that I was quite wearied in body and mind." His special cross—the active opposition of those who should have worked with him—followed him into this sphere of his labours. This time it came from a body of the clergy in his district of somewhat Gallican tendencies. These men regarded some of his reforms, such as the introduction of several new religious orders, and the multiplication of devotions, as unnecessary innovations and as savouring too much of Rome. But just as before his departure from Oscott he had won over most of the professors to his views, so here, within three years he could count among his

supporters not only many formerly indifferent, but also some who had actively opposed him, a noteworthy tribute to his winning personality and disinterested zeal. A letter written in January 1850 gives us a very good summary of Wiseman's work during the first years of his London Vicariate. "If you thought I had some little work when you were here," he writes, "I assure you it is anything but diminished. But, thank God, it is not ungrateful toil. . . . . It is hard, perhaps, to describe in a letter what is going on. Externally, something can be seen; *e.g.*, in less than two years we have established seven new communities of women and three of men in this district; have opened two orphan houses; have set up an excellent middle school; . . . . have opened four new missions in the heart of the poor population, and at least seven others in different parts. . . . . Yet all this I consider as nothing compared with what I hope is latently and spiritually being done. The vast increase of communions, the numbers of admirable conversions, the spread of devotional and charitable associations, the increased piety of the faithful in every class are less known though still manifest to all. . . . . I think I can safely say that in a year, or little more, 15,000 persons have been reclaimed by retreats given in courts and alleys."

Early in 1850 an incident occurring in the Established Church raised great hopes in Wiseman of an immediate and considerable increase in the number of converts. The Privy Council had caused a great stir in Protestant England by supporting an Anglican clergyman against his Bishop and the Court of Arches. Many serious-minded people began thoughtfully to consider whether they were justified in remaining in a Church wherein the civil jurisdiction had obvious supremacy over the spiritual, and Wiseman looked for great fruits from this awakening.

But in the midst of his work and plans came a call which for the moment sounded the death-knell to his hopes and expectations. He was summoned to Rome by Pius IX. to receive the Cardinal's hat, in recognition of his work for the Church in England. This honour at that time meant that he must reside in Rome, and so leave England and the

work on which his heart was set. On that account he accepted the honour with very mixed feelings, in which regrets at his departure from so promising a sphere of labour predominated. When the news of his elevation became public, it caused great dismay among the leading Catholics of England. Petitions were at once sent to Rome, in which the loss Catholic England would sustain at so important a crisis was set forth at length. But they were of no avail, and on 16th August 1850 Wiseman left England, as he thought, for ever. He reached Rome on 5th September. At a Consistory held on the 30th of the same month, he was "duly nominated Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, with the title of St. Pudentiana, a church on the site of the house in which, according to ancient tradition, St. Peter was entertained by the Senator Pudens."

England, however, was not destined to lose Wiseman so soon. Shortly after his arrival in Rome he had several audiences with Pius IX. concerning the proposed Hierarchy. It was discussed by Propaganda on 24th September, and a Papal brief re-establishing the Hierarchy in England was published on the 29th. By another brief, issued the same day, Wiseman was appointed head of the Hierarchy and entrusted with the administration of the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster. The change in the ecclesiastical constitution and his own appointment were formally made known to English Catholics by Wiseman in the celebrated pastoral "given from without the Flaminian Gate of Rome," and dated 7th October.

After the customary honours consequent upon his elevation, he joyfully started once again for the land to which but a month before he had bidden a last farewell. At the commencement of his homeward journey he had not the slightest suspicion of the feeling that the news of the recent change had aroused in England. When some eight years before he had occasion to consult the officials of the Colonial Office concerning the formation of an Hierarchy in North America, he had been told that it mattered little to them whether they (the proposed American Bishops) styled themselves Vicars Apostolic, or Bishops, or Muftis, or Mandarins. He therefore thought that a similar step in England would be received

with a like indifference. It was at Vienna that the first warning of the approaching storm reached him. It came from a leading article in the *Times*, wherein the re-establishment of the Hierarchy was stigmatized as "one of the grossest acts of folly and impertinence which the Court of Rome had ventured to commit since the Crown and people of England had thrown off its yoke."

There is no doubt that the boldness of the new measure would have aroused considerable feeling under any circumstances, but Wiseman's own sanguine disposition was in a great measure responsible for the indignation and excitement, which, fed by episcopal and journalistic utterances of almost incredible bigotry, reached a stage little short of violence, and spread throughout the length and breadth of this country. He felt that the event was a great forward step for the Church in England, and he took no pains to conceal his feelings in his October Pastoral. After announcing in magniloquent phrases the restoration of England to its ancient place in the ecclesiastical orbit, the Pastoral wound up with the following sweeping statement:—"We govern, and shall continue to govern, the counties of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and Essex. . . . ." The Pastoral was, of course, written for Catholics, but Wiseman seems to have forgotten that the majority of its readers would be non-Catholic. Certain it is that this ill-concealed exultation, added to the aggressiveness of the change, was too galling to be quietly passed over. Consequently we find Anglican bishops and clear-sighted statesmen vieing with the most violent of the journals in their efforts to arouse popular feeling. The Prime Minister threatened to consult the Statutes with a view to taking legal proceedings; the Lord Chancellor denounced the step at a public banquet; the Bishops of the Established Church humbly petitioned her Majesty to "discountenance by every constitutional means such an assumption." The people naturally followed their leaders, and for some five weeks disturbances of a more or less serious nature occurred. The Pope and Wiseman were burnt in effigy, and all the devices of the No-Popery Riots of 1789 were called into requisition. Priests were assaulted, church windows broken.

The Cardinal's friends in fear sent him a full account of what was happening, and advised him to stay on the Continent till the storm had passed. His answer was an immediate return to England. He knew that the excitement was great, but he knew also that it was mostly due to a total misconception of the measure, and he determined to enlighten the nation. Within five days of his return he published his *Appeal to the English People*. In this pamphlet he pointed out the true scope of the measure, the illogical attitude of the Ministers of State, and the folly of the clerical and journalistic agitators. But perhaps the most effective part of the letter was that in which he strove to dispel the popular illusion that civil power and authority were involved in the change. The idea "that the tangible possession of something solid" had been given by Rome to the Catholic bishops had been strongly impressed upon the popular mind, and was one of the main causes of the indignation and disturbance. Wiseman combated this misconception by a vivid description of the real nature of the authority conferred on the bishops.

The effect of this document, which had an enormous circulation, was a marked diminution in the virulence of the attacks of (at least) the thinking opponents of the measure. The press also assumed a milder tone. The Cardinal, noting the altered tone of public opinion, conceived it to be an opportune moment for driving well home the true facts of the case. He himself, at the end of the year 1850, delivered three lectures in St George's Cathedral, Southwark, in which he pointed out the groundlessness of the general alarm, the inconsistency of an attitude which allowed Vicars Apostolic but objected to Bishops—a merely nominal change—and the want of ordinary prudence and foresight displayed by the statesmen and public in attacking a measure before examining its working under similar circumstances in other countries. He also urged Newman to take the field, with the result that during the summer of 1851 the lectures on the "Present Position of Catholics" were delivered in the Corn Exchange, Birmingham.

When the first violence of the storm had subsided,

Wiseman set himself to repair as far as he could the breach between Catholics and their fellow-countrymen, of which he had been the unwilling cause. His great ability, his commanding appearance, his agreeable personality and typical English face, helped him considerably in these efforts, and enabled him to do a great deal towards easing the strained relations. No matter how discouraging his reception at any town he visited, he generally managed to win at least attention and respect, and often before his departure made many friends. One method in which he strove with signal success to restore the old cordiality, and in which his remarkable erudition proved most serviceable, was by public lectures. His first lectures, which were purely religious, were attended by persons of all denominations. The next step was to deliver public addresses on literary and other topics, but still nominally to Catholic bodies, as the Leeds Catholic Institute. Then in a short time came invitations from societies of all denominations, asking for lectures on every conceivable subject. Wiseman made a point of accepting all such invitations, and the good he accomplished was incalculable. Between the years 1852 and 1854 he delivered addresses at the Marylebone Institute, the Society of Arts, the Royal Institution, and the Literary Institutes of Liverpool and Manchester, on subjects as varied as "The Home Education of the Poor," "Material Aids to Education," "The Crimean War," "The Latest Roman Excavations," and the "Perception of Natural Beauty in Ancients and Moderns." His lectures were delivered with great fluency, and he had the art of winning the sympathy of his audience.

In 1852, before the last echoes of the storm had yet died away, an event occurred which was henceforth to have its place among the Cardinal's most treasured memories, and which, indeed, marked a distinct epoch in the history of the Catholic Church in England. From the 6th to the 17th of July, at Oscott, the scene of Wiseman's early labours and the nursery of the Oxford converts, was held the first provincial synod in England since the Reformation. As the Cardinal, "in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom," gazed on "the long procession of priests and re-

ligious theologians from the schools, and canons from the cathedral, with wellnigh twelve mitred heads,"* his heart swelled within him and his joy found relief in tears. It was indeed to him a time of unmixed rejoicing: the first step towards still greater triumphs for the Church.

During the summer of 1853 Wiseman's health again began to fail, the illness being certainly aggravated, if not caused altogether, by worry arising from ceaseless internal dissensions. The Catholic party in England at this time was composed of many curiously varying sections, and to keep these in harmony Wiseman had to rule more or less arbitrarily. This "despotism," as they regarded it, gave offence to some of the old clergy, and the spirit of independence manifested by them caused Wiseman great anxiety. Complaints against his arbitrary rule and his favouritism of the converts began to reach Rome. To answer these charges the Cardinal journeyed once again to the Eternal City. After a stay extending over six months he returned greatly improved in health and having entirely vindicated his proceedings in England.

During this visit to Rome Wiseman was met one day in the Catacombs by one of his friends—Father Whitty. "Why do you come here?" asked the latter; "surely you know every cemetery by heart." "I want to live in imagination with the early Christians, for I am writing a book about them," was Wiseman's reply. The book was *Fabiola*, commenced by Wiseman about this time, and no words could describe it better than "a life in imagination with the early Christians." It is not a scientifically antiquarian work, such as one might naturally expect from so great a student, but a most life-like picture of the "Church of the Catacombs." Written as a recreation, at all sorts of odd times, when heavier occupations were impossible, the book has nothing of the nature of a learned disquisition, and yet familiarizes one wonderfully with the times of which it treats. Its success was remarkable, and translations soon appeared for most of the countries of Europe. Congratulations and appreciations poured in upon the Cardinal from all sides,

* Newman, *The Second Spring*. C.T.S., 1*d*.

and everyone urged him to go on with another volume, "The Church of the Basilicas." Rome's testimony was curious. "At first," as Wiseman writes to a friend, "when it was announced that I had written a 'romance,' there was terrible commotion among my cardinalitial brethren. Now, however, from the Pope downwards, I have nothing but thanks and compliments, and all Rome is placarded with it, my name in large type."

In 1855 Wiseman's failing health and ever-increasing duties led him to apply to Rome for a coadjutor. While he himself was busied with occupations arising from the important public position he held, it was necessary to have a bishop to attend to the ordinary routine work of the diocese. By a special permission from Rome as to the manner of election, and a little friendly pressure brought to bear on the electors, the Cardinal in this matter was enabled to have his own choice, and the choice rested on George Errington, Bishop of Plymouth. Wiseman and Errington had been friends from their earliest years. They were boys together at Ushaw, fellow-students, and later President and Vice-President at the English College, Rome, in after years President and Prefect of Studies at Oscott; and now that Wiseman was Archbishop it seemed only natural that Errington should be his coadjutor. But with this lifelong friendship there had often been differences; and it was with many misgivings that Errington accepted the post now offered to him. Accept it, however, he did, and was duly installed as coadjutor in April 1855, receiving the titular archbishopric of Trebizond.

For a short time it seemed as though everything would go well. The work of each was totally different from that of the other, and both in their own spheres laboured successfully enough. But this, unfortunately, did not last long. Wiseman and Errington were men of far too diverse characters to work for long successfully together. The Cardinal was large-hearted and broad-minded, easy and indulgent, and a little too much inclined to regard laws as instruments to be adapted to circumstances. Errington, on the other hand, was a man of iron will, firm and inflexible, "hewn out of a rock," Mother Mary Hallahan described him, and, in

his application of laws, an absolute rigorist. It was this rigorism which first brought him into collision with Wiseman. Differences, not a few, arose between them as to the ordinary government of the diocese. These were painful enough, but compared with the dispute which happened a year or two later, they were mere trifles. The subject of this dispute was Henry Edward Manning, and more particularly the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles, founded by him in 1857.

Manning had been converted in 1851, and since then had lived almost uninterruptedly in Rome, where he had created a very good impression on the mind of Pope Pius IX. At the present juncture he seemed to Wiseman to be just the man wanted in the archdiocese. The Cardinal wished to found a congregation of priests, subject to his own authority, who should nevertheless live in community, and help him in the mission work so much needed among the London poor. He had tried various religious orders, but without success; none of them could adapt their rule to such circumstances. So, early in 1853, Manning had been asked to undertake the foundation. The Pope, however, wished Manning to remain in Rome, so the foundation was deferred. But by 1856, the year succeeding Errington's appointment, everything had been prepared. The rules were drawn up and laid before the Pope for approval; and not only was Manning to be founder of the congregation, but at the same time, without consulting anyone in England, the Pope appointed him Provost of the Chapter of Westminster. Errington was alarmed, and most of the Chapter shared his feelings. Manning, it must be remembered, was a convert, and the ill-feeling between converts and old English Catholics was just then at its highest pitch. Moreover, this particular convert was a very inscrutable one. He had been ordained within a year of his conversion, and since then had lived a comparatively retired life in Rome, very few people in England knowing anything about him. But especially was Archbishop Errington alarmed by the proposed congregation. He looked upon it as a body of priests taken from the diocese, who were to look after parishes and direct the seminary, and yet be all the time completely

under Manning's control. Consequently, he set himself conscientiously to oppose it.

First he stated his objections to the Cardinal, by whom they were summarily dismissed. On another representation, however, in 1858, the rules were modified in the direction that the Archbishop wished. This concession did not by any means satisfy him, and in July of the same year the Chapter took up the matter as well. Their objections were concerned with the diocesan seminary. Manning's dislike of the spirit there was known, and as some of the priests in charge of the seminary had already joined the congregation, it seemed that at any moment they might be summoned by their Superior to leave their posts and live a community life. The Chapter examined the rules of the congregation, and drew up a petition to the Cardinal asking for its removal from St. Edmund's College. Wiseman, who at this time had just returned from a tour in Ireland, annulled all their proceedings, and their next step was to appeal to Rome. Now, this appeal was drawn up for them by Archbishop Errington. This action so irritated Wiseman, already in strong disagreement with his coadjutor, that Mr. Patterson, who represented the Cardinal in Rome, was instructed to find out what chance there was of the coadjutor's removal from office.

On the case being carried to Rome, the dispute between the Cardinal and his Chapter was referred to the next English Synod. As to the removal of the coadjutor, although the Pope seemed inclined to take the same view of the matter as Wiseman, yet nothing was at present decided. So here matters had perforce to be left till the Synod should meet. It was a time of great trial for Cardinal Wiseman. Although the tour through Ireland, mentioned above, had greatly refreshed him in mind and body, it was very evident now that his health was failing; and the worry and anxiety caused by this dispute not only greatly incapacitated him for work, but helped on the illness which ruined his constitution altogether. He felt that everyone around him was against him. His coadjutor, his vicar-general, his secretary, all were in arms against him, and most of the plans of campaign were formed under his own roof.

When the Synod did meet in August 1859, the case be-

tween the Cardinal and his Chapter was decided in Wiseman's favour. But perhaps the most important feature of the Synod was the conduct of Archbishop Errington. He opposed the Cardinal on almost every point, speaking against him at every opportunity. This was the line of action which seems to have finally decided Rome against him. None of the Cardinals could understand such opposition to a Superior, even admitting Errington's defence that he spoke as an independent bishop and not as a coadjutor, and therefore was not bound to support the Cardinal.

After the Synod, as the affair could not very well be arranged without Wiseman's presence, he decided to go to Rome, and arrived there in December 1859. Errington arrived two days afterwards, and in January started to draw up a statement of his case against the Oblates. Wiseman, on hearing of this, summoned Manning too, who on his arrival soon placed a written statement of his case before the Pope. The rest of the history of the case may be briefly summarized. In March 1860 the Pope summoned Archbishop Errington and asked him to resign. This the Archbishop refused to do, at the same time stating his perfect willingness to obey the least command. Then at his request three Cardinals were appointed to inquire into the matter. The two statements were examined, and the Holy Father was recommended to remove him. After another attempt to persuade him to resign, the Pope, on 22nd July 1860, finally signed a decree for Errington's removal. In justice to Errington it must be said that the decree was not in any sense a condemnation, or the removal a punishment for misconduct. In strict canon law he may have been perfectly right. But Wiseman and he could not work harmoniously together, and, for the advance of the Church in England, the Pope judged it better that Errington should be removed. On Wiseman the effects of this dispute were serious. His health, as already stated, had been failing before Errington's appointment, and the troubles and anxieties caused by these quarrels practically broke down his constitution altogether. While he was at Rome during the settlement of the case he had an alarming attack from which it was feared he would never recover.

And though, after an operation, his condition did improve, still, when he reached Paris on his way home, he had to undergo another operation before being able to proceed.

Now, however, his life was to be cast in more peaceful moulds. Broken in health, and disappointed in his wish for peace in the diocese, he spent most of his time at his country house at Leyton, devoting himself greatly to literary work. Many of his lectures were written at this time, and those that had already been delivered were revised and corrected for publication. He was very fond, too, of writing little dramas for children, and the performances of these always interested him immensely. We may note here how great a favourite with children the Cardinal was all through his life. They never seemed afraid of him, and he would talk and play with them like a child himself. Some of the incidents related about this characteristic are interesting as showing us how childlike at times he could be. When, for instance, a children's party was to be held at York Place, the Cardinal gave instructions about it just as though he were a boy himself: "Buy some water-ices, and some cream-ices, and some wafers—but don't tell Searle." "Searle" was his secretary, the keeper of the purse, and might have spoilt the fun if he had known: hence the caution.

When the Cardinal did appear in public during these latter years, it was generally on the lecture-platform. Public lecture-giving by Catholics had always been one of his favourite schemes. He believed that by this means the Church could get a fair hearing which otherwise was impossible: and certainly, if his own success is any test, his expectations were amply justified. It was only during these last few years that the nation, as a whole, really began to understand him. Hitherto he had been known only as the leader of the Papal aggression, and hated or despised accordingly. But now all parties began to appreciate his worth. The public crowded to hear his lectures, the press spoke favourably in reporting them. He was elected an honorary member of various archæological societies, and both at meetings of these bodies and at non-catholic houses he was, as of old, frequently a guest. Wiseman

himself was surprised at the good feeling now exhibited towards him. In 1863, after a lecture on self-culture delivered at Southampton, he wrote to Dr. Russell of Maynooth: "I cannot make out what change has come over the spirit of the press. Besides the *Times*, I have seen the *Standard*, *Telegraph*, *Sun*, *Edinburgh Courier* (best of all), and local papers, which all unite in almost unalloyed commendation of the lecture." And, writing of the same lecture to Canon Walker: "I am compelled to write to you by the singular concurrence of the press to judge favourably of my late lecture at Southampton. I have had five or six papers sent me, each of which selects a distinct point for commendation almost without alloy. This is a phenomenon certainly. Personally it matters little; but as affecting public opinion in regard to Catholics I think it is much."

Still, in spite of these welcome signs of his countrymen's goodwill, the Cardinal was subject to fits of deep gloom and depression. Disappointed and worn out by his own diocesan disputes, he was now despondent at the sad fortunes which befell the Pope. During the time of Wiseman's visit to Rome, 1859–60, the events happened which ultimately led to the total loss of the Pope's temporal sovereignty. In 1849 the Pope had been restored to power by French arms, and since that time Louis Napoleon's troops had occupied Rome, and the Austrians had occupied the Papal States. But Napoleon's devotion to the Holy See now began to grow cold. Report said that he had promised a secret society to destroy the Pope's temporal sovereignty, and that the attempted assassination in 1858 was an act of revenge because he had not fulfilled his promise. Certain it is that from that time his loyalty visibly grew weaker. In 1859 a revolution broke out in the Papal States, and Sardinia, which had been envious of these States for years, took advantage of the opportunity to annex some of them. All eyes were now turned in anxious expectation to Napoleon. The Catholic world looked to him to save its Sovereign. He, however, refused to act: he thought it more conformable to the interests of the Holy See to make the sacrifice of those provinces, and

would not reduce them by force—in fact, sanctioned their surrender to Sardinia. Once this policy was declared, the result was only a matter of time. There was absolutely nothing to stop the unjust aggression, and, piece by piece, the whole of the Pope's temporal power was lost.

It was characteristic of Pius IX. that at the time of his greatest misfortunes, when the whole world seemed to have deserted him, he should determine to hold a magnificent celebration in Rome. The occasion was the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs, and three hundred bishops and about three thousand priests assembled in May 1862 for the festival. Wiseman, in spite of his failing health, was there, and throughout the whole festa played an important part. He was chosen to preside over the meeting of the bishops, and to draw up the address of loyalty presented by them to the Pope. His known friendship with Napoleon made his presence more important still; and it was arranged that on his return journey he should see the Emperor, and himself try to influence his action on the Italian question. Certainly, as Monsignor Talbot wrote: "The position he occupied at Rome at the canonization was one of the greatest events of his life." On 21st June, when the festival was over, he left Rome, and had the meeting with the Emperor a few days later. At first it was thought to be a great success, but in spite of expectations no alteration of the imperial policy took place.

Connected with this sketch of the misfortunes of the Pope, we may mention an incident that happened to Wiseman in 1864. Early in that year Garibaldi paid a visit to England, and Englishmen were almost crazy in their enthusiastic reception of him. Wiseman was indignant at the ovation, and in a pastoral issued in May expressed his indignation that English people should kneel before a man who, two years before, had expressed his sympathy with the rank atheism of the French Revolution. This pastoral was published by the *Times*, and that paper accused Wiseman of garbling a quotation from Garibaldi's letter to suit his own ends. It was a serious charge: but it so happened that Wiseman had quoted verbatim from the *Times'* translation of Garibaldi's letter. The

result was that the paper had to apologize. The nation itself stood convicted of whitewashing Garibaldi to make him a popular hero. It was a considerable triumph for the Cardinal.

One great sign of the reversal of feeling throughout the country towards Wiseman was a proposal made by the Working Men's Shakspere Committee in 1864, that he should deliver a public lecture on Shakspere in honour of the tercentenary. It represented the views of more than two and a half millions of Englishmen. The Cardinal took up the suggestion enthusiastically, and was actually engaged upon the work when seized with his last illness. He valued these tokens of public esteem very highly. They made him feel that after all his efforts had not been fruitless. A social conquest had been gained, and once more the Church was at least respected if not admired. "I think," he said in his last illness, "a good many will be sorry for me—Protestants, I mean. I don't think they will always think me such a monster."

The Shakspere lecture was the last important work that the Cardinal undertook. It was, as the part finished shows, clearly beyond his decaying mental powers. But in spite of this and of his enfeebled constitution he kept to it manfully, working till he could absolutely work no longer. His last sermon was preached on the feast of St. Nicholas, his patron, 6th December 1864. A week later he presided at the meeting of the bishops in London, and though for the next three weeks he led an invalid life, no immediate danger was feared. In fact, he still clung to the idea of delivering the Shakspere lecture.

But on the third Sunday of the new year, 15th January 1865, he was suddenly taken ill, and the danger became so great that he received the last sacraments. It was the beginning of the end. He rallied on the Tuesday, but though he lived another month, he was never again able to leave his couch. His patience during this time of illness was wonderful; and all the attendants testify to the impression that it made upon them. "He was quietness itself, and his patience and obedience were perfect. He had not said a querulous word during the three weeks he had been

so ill, and he was ever ready with gentle thanks for any little service. His obedience was very striking; he would move immediately exactly as he was told, and it was a touching sight to see him obeying like a child what Mr. Tegart (the doctor) told him to do." This we learn from the memoirs left by Father Morris, and from the testimony of the Sister of Mercy who nursed him. It shows us well the character of the sufferer. His love for the rites and ceremonies of the Church remained to the last. "I have never cared for anything," he once said, "but the Church. My sole delight has been in everything connected with her. As people in the world would go to a ball for their recreation, so I have enjoyed a great function." In fact, most of the directions as to the last offices to be performed both before and after his death were given by the Cardinal himself. He talked to the master of ceremonies about his own funeral as quietly and unconcernedly as if it had been some function he was about to perform himself. All the ceremonial prescribed by the Church was carried out to the letter. "I want to have everything the Church gives me," he said, "down to the holy water. Do not leave out anything. I want everything." On Friday, 10th February, he received Communion for the last time. During the few following days he grew feebler and feebler, and expired on Wednesday morning, the 15th, at eight o'clock. "Nothing can exceed the patience and submission he has shown," writes Manning. "The few words he has said have been beautiful and edifying, and his end is truly the death of the just."

Once he was dead, press and people alike seemed to vie in showing their esteem and regard for him. His funeral was a magnificent popular demonstration. "All along the line of route," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "every part was thronged with spectators, every window was crammed, every balcony, housetop, and even the roofs of churches were occupied." Most of the shops were shut, and so many private carriages attended that the procession itself was about two miles long. The sympathy shown by the press was remarkable. Journals which fifteen years before had denounced him in the strongest terms they could devise, now just as strongly expressed their regret and sense of loss

at his comparatively early death. The English people seemed to feel that in losing his great abilities and personality they had suffered a national loss.

But more keenly still was his death felt by Catholics. Since 1850 Wiseman had been their leader and champion, spurring them on by his courage and enthusiasm to projects scarcely dreamt of by others. Before he came to England Catholics had been a persecuted sect, content to live in retirement, scarcely knowing how to meet their fellow-countrymen on equal terms. But at his death what a change had been wrought! Fresh from the scenes of the glorious revival that had taken place in Rome, he had attempted to infuse into the Church in England some of the splendour and magnificence proper to her state. Through him was restored the hierarchy lost at the Reformation. He had been the chief means of directing towards the Church the course of that great movement which brought such men as Newman, Manning, and Dalgairns to the truth. In everything he worked with an enthusiasm and courage that nothing could daunt: he devoted the best years of his life to the conversion of England: he broke through the traditional prejudice of three hundred years, and made the Church, if not loved, at least known and respected.

[This sketch has been compiled from Mr Wilfrid Ward's *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, with the author's permission.]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

A LIFELONG BATTLE.

BY

REV. GEORGE BAMPFIELD, B.A.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST START OFF.

"OH, Jim, Jim! Is it likely now? is that all you think of me? that because I change my name and become Mrs. O'Brown——"

"O'Brien, dear," said James. "Isn't it often I've told you —O'Brien—a sweet pretty name and an old one; a name of princes before your English Kings were heard of."

"Well, Jim; and is it likely because I'm going to change my name from simple Miss White to Mrs. O'Brown, or O'Bruin, or whatever it is—it is in the O' that the royalty lies, ain't it, Jim—that therefore I'm going to change my religion with it? 'Don't do it,' says mother, 'don't do it, Nell. A religion that was good enough for me and grandmother, and grandad too, for that matter—he comes of a whole century of preachers and great ones they were—that's the likeness of Parson White, the great Methody, hanging up in our back parlour—that religion, depend on it, is good enough for you, Nell.' You may make me Mrs.—— Mrs. O'Brien, Jim, and welcome; but you'll never make me Mrs. O'Catholic, I promise you that."

"Very well, Nell O'White—sure it's you desarves the royal 'O' for your beauty—you may vex a poor fellow with your dear little tazing way, your O'Browns and O'Bruins; but there's one thing you must do, or you may keep your own purty name for me; you must keep the promises you put your name to before the Priest, that you'll leave me alone to go my own ways and the ways of my fathers since the world was made—for sure Adam and Eve went to Mass

—and see to it that the childer all go the same way—Pat and Bridget, every one of them."

"Right you are, Jim," said Nell with a more serious face, for she saw that she had gone a trifle too far: "right you are; if I stick to my own religion as I intend to, I'm not going to do the mean trick of robbing my own children of the faith I promised them, and promised my own Jim, too, before the Priest. I love my Jim a sight too much for that."

"Ah, you're a decent lass now, Nell, and I'm proud of you; but when you really are Mrs. O'Brien all over, and when you've got used to the change, and when may be, for God is good, the cabin's as full as it'll hold of young O'Briens of various sexes and ages, it's then you'll get tired of filling your Jim's great mouth and the mouths of the bits of nestlings with victuals; Jim will be a bit of a bore instead of a sweetheart, and when he's faithful and true to you—— but I've drawn blood from my darling's heart, I who never meant it; och! it's a brute I am all over; but sure it's only water after all, not a taste of blood about it."

And the clouds soon rolled away; and the pair trudged along light-hearted, and talked of the thousand and one things that go to the making of a wedding.

CHAPTER II.

SUNSHINY WEATHER.

THE daily work of Mr. James O'Brien—for we must treat him respectfully now he's married—lay about a mile or so outside the large town of Rackridge at the water-mill, and it was reached by the prettiest little country walks which art or fancy have painted. If you went by the lane, you passed near the river and over bridges which crossed streamlets racing into it, and found endless things to which ear might listen, while eye gazed on as many sights to please. If you went, as in summer you often did, by the fields, the

were the happiest of fields, full of country life, of many-coloured moths, of building bird, of squirrel frisking up the tree or "rattling in his hoard of acorns," of skylark twittering higher and higher over the cornfields, of mower when the summer came with the music of his scythe, each month of something new, and even in the winter of a death of all things which was beautiful in its stillness and its spotless mantle of snow. So far as nature's beauty is among the joys of life, Jim's life was full of joy.

"Well, Jim, if this isn't pleasant!" said the happy bride as they sauntered up the rookery lane, and watched the rooks flying in and out of their lofty homes intent on their much business and chattering about it without stop, "if this isn't lovely: look up at the rooks, there, keeping Sunday in their own way, though they are so hard at work. I couldn't have thought your place was near so happy till I came to live in it; everything so nice, it's a perfect paradise; and I'm the happiest creature alive, and you are so good too, Jim, and so nice in every way"; and Nell put up her face, of course only to look better at the rooks, but as she was leaning on Jim's arm somehow his face got between hers and the birds so that she couldn't see them, and was obliged to say "Oh, Jim, we shall be late for church; let's be in time, or all the people will be looking at——"

"Why, are you coming with me, Nell?"

"Coming with you, Jim! What a question! Of course I'm coming with you, sir. Why, it would be a pretty sight the first Sunday after our marriage, you in one place and I in another. No, you don't get rid of me so easy now I'm Mrs. O'Brien all over."

And what could happy Jim do, but draw her closer to him, and press the little hand that he had won for his own, and hope and hope and put his hope into a prayer that one day she might be a Catholic.

Wonderfully sweet were the church bells of S. Mary's, Rackridge: all their walk they had gone with them, now

muffled by the trees, now floating over the stream, and it had gone to Jim's heart to feel that their music was taken from him, and that he could not draw his wife with that beauty among so many others. Aye, but they did well for themselves, when they stole our bells: even among the thieves their old blessing haunts them and they touch many a heart, I fancy, with the winsome grace of their music. But he and his bride passed on: past the stately church, rich and attractive not only with its bells but with the glass of its windows and the splendour of its roof and walls, and betook themselves up a narrow street to the plainest of plain buildings, in which a priest from a neighbouring town said Mass for the people of Rackridge.

And within the plainest of plain buildings everything was as plain as it was outside. To be sure, Nell thought the dress, that the priest wore over his long white gown, was pretty enough with its big cross worked in different colours, but she listened for the prayers she had been used to in the Congregational Chapel and the few words of Scripture, but none came: and she wondered what the priest and those two awkward-looking youths were saying to each other in such a low tone of voice; and she felt, as she said afterwards, quite lost: everybody else seemed to know what it was all about, none of them talking, not even the children laughing, but all so silent and glum. She began to feel a little more at home when the priest turned round and began to talk in English—but he didn't go up any pulpit, and his text sounded a little unnatural, not quite the words she had been used to, and he didn't tell any funny stories like the Pastor in her own Chapel, and was not so startling in his way, but he stood quiet and what he was talking about she did not exactly know, though it sounded somewhat good. And then what did they ring the bell for? Nobody answered it, and nothing came of it. She was happy because Jim was there. But when they came out, she said "Jim, dear, tell me what it was all about; I didn't understand it at all."

CHAPTER III.

CLOUDS GATHERING.

"OH, Jim! what does it all mean?"

Such were poor Nelly's words, as she came out of the fine Catholic Church of Highbeach two or three Sundays after her first Mass at Rackridge.

Ever since her doleful cry, "tell me what it was all about," he had puzzled his brains how he should interest her in things Catholic, and how explain to her what it was all about, and the only thing he could think of, was to take her to a grand church—grander than S. Mary's at Rackridge, the parish church—where the stained glass should be more beautiful than at S. Mary's, the singing at least as good, and where she could hear the finest Catholic preacher to be found in England. But somehow that cry of hers had made him thoughtful, and neither of them—though the honeymoon was scarcely over—looked quite so bright as when they sauntered up under the cawing rooks, who, of course, were talking of nothing else but their happy wedding. Early times for clouds, but there is no accounting for tricks of weather.

Nelly of course was in "high old spirits," as she declared; the sea air made her cheerful, "as good as champagne" she thought, and the sparkling waves, with just enough toss and movement about them to make them seem talking dancing merry things of life, were beings to be talked to and sung to and run away from, and danced after when they ran away in turn. This part of the day out was delightful, and she could scarcely sober herself down to willing obedience when Jim said, "Come along, Nelly; we shall be late for Mass."

"Oh, Jim," she said, "don't they have afternoon service won't that do?"

"No, dear, it's not quite the same, come along;" and it was with quite a pouting lip and with not quite a honeymoon look that she took her husband's arm for the walk through the grand modern town in the direction of the

rich-toned well-rung bells. For Highbeach boasted a luxury: few churches anywhere, Catholic or non-Catholic, have such music in their towers, and such cliffs to give their music back, and such long stretches of sea or tide-deserted sand to carry the music on, or such long deep-drawn valleys to carry it inward to the land. At all events his bride should hear, thought Jim, that they had peals of bells to beat those at Rackridge every way. And they had a band of ringers who loved them, who had a devotion to them, who would ring all manner of changes on them, and who never tired of doing it when they could get the chance. For there were Vandals, Goths, Huns, in Highbeach, as elsewhere, who would have silenced the sacred music, preferring their lazy slumbers, or their idle prattle, to its pleasant invitation to think and to pray. But we are keeping our united antagonists, our two who are one and yet never can be one, a long time outside the church to which the bells are wooing them on.

It certainly is a noble place—so high, so long, so wide, so bright, and so one—each part so fitting into each other part—she could stand and gaze all day; but what are people about, why do they all go down on one knee, just for a moment, as if they had had enough of it very quickly; what are they kneeling to, and why do they take water and wet themselves—see even a mother doing it to her baby; poor little dear! What odd queer ways these Catholics have! But she has got into a seat close by Jim; she is all right now; and the organ, which has been playing a little for a long time, swells out suddenly with a louder peal, and there comes out from the sacristy a procession of nice-looking lads in the cleanest of small surplices.

This was before the days when the Church of England began to find out that such things were not only pretty to look upon, but a real power over the minds of men; and that Englishmen were more fond of such things, probably, than men of other nations; but poor Nelly, a Nonconformist, had never seen such a sight before. She was charmed with

its beauty, but lost in wonderment nevertheless ; and she wondered the more because two fine, almost stately, young men, carrying grand torches of wax, in fine brass candlesticks headed the procession. And how polite they were ; bowing to each other, when they parted, with that formality as if each was a Duke at the very least, if not a Prince of the Royal Blood ; what could it all mean ? And then one of the clergy came and sprinkled them all with water, which seemed to have been got from the sea, for Nelly found it was salt—she both tasted it and some of it got on her wedding bonnet, and took the colour out of the ribbons where it fell ; how odd it is, thought poor Nelly ; not what I've been used to.

Certainly the singing was very fine, and there were splendid voices with each a solo now and again to sing ; it was the finest singing she had ever heard, but she would have liked it much better if she could have known what they were singing ; and when Jim gave her a book and pointed to the part at which they were, she found it was in La in or French or some language she did not know. And she could not help whispering to Jim, "did he know it ?" and it seemed to her the strangest of all. The hymns, she thought, were very grand, but what is the good of English people, or Irish either, singing in Latin ?

Then there were other things : the three clergymen—what did they want three for, why can't they be content with one as they are at the chapel—kept moving about. Once one of them went to the side, and took two candles with him, though it was broad daylight, and sung a lot of Latin and afterwards turned round and waved a cloud of smelling smoke—Nelly could not quite make out whether she liked the smell or not—towards the chief clergyman at the Altar. And another time one of the clergy went down and waved the smoke towards the lads in the choir, and they bowed to him and bowed to each other ; she had never seen people so polite before, and she thought it very nice but very funny in church.

And so her puzzlement went on; she was quite bewildered with the movements of everybody—beautiful, nice—but what was it all about? And she took his arm very lovingly when they came out—more kneeling on one knee, more water—for she was afraid he would be offended, and she whispered very softly the cry that went to his heart, "Oh, Jim, what does it all mean?"

It dawned upon him that he had made a mistake: "When we get home, we'll ask Father Pippet to come to us, and he will teach you what it all means."

But his wife shook her head, and the shake meant to him—too late, too late; if you had got her instructed before marriage, she would have had a chance of understanding the ceremonies that are bewilderment to her now. She has no chance now. And she to teach your children by and by! Teach her children things she does not know herself, and has small chance to learn, and every year of married life will have still smaller.

But we are getting too melancholy. Let us away on the Highbeach sands: we need not go home till evening; and hark! there ring out the bells, the happy bells, echoing up the Long Dyke, making us hope the best.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE SIGNS OF BAD WEATHER.

"Oh, Jim; is it not ever such a love? the prettiest creature that ever was—— why! I declare—— he has your nose." "And your blue eyes," put in the happy Jim. "And quite the tiniest of feet and hands. Oh, yes; and let mother kiss his little tootsies." "But the best is, Nelly, he's got his mother's temper; I declare he's not cried once since he's been born." "And his father's stout courage for work and for troubles."

"Well," said Jim, "we won't try his capacity for work

just yet. I doubt if even his fists and arms could do much, but we will set him to something now which will prove his infant courage, and for which you must make him the daintiest of dresses with your own fingers."

"That will I and welcome," cried Nell; "but what is it?"

"Well, dear! he's now—— how old?"

"Six weeks come Saturday, at five minutes past five, I first saw the ducky's face."

"Dear, dear!" said Jim, "and not baptised yet."

"Not baptised, Jim. Why you've had it registered surely?"

"Registered, Nelly O'Brien, it's heaps I care for registering; isn't it a Christian I want to make of the young haythen, and to drive the devil out of him; d'ye think it's a Government Registrar can drive the devil out of baby by writing his name in a book?"

"Hush, Jim! don't talk of such things; the dear little pet belongs to no nasty thing that would have to be driven out of him."

"But you know, Nelly, it's the right thing to have him christened."

"Well, Jim, I suppose it is; there's a many who have it done, and I suppose it can't rightly have a name till it's christened. Besides the neighbours will expect a little christening party. But what name shall we give it? What do you say to Albert Edward, after the Prince of Wales?"

"Well, dear! are you any relation to him?"

"Relation to him! Doesn't the baby come of older princes and nobler kings, you tell me, than our Stuarts and Guelphs?"

"True for you, Nelly dear; but I shouldn't call him after any of our princes on earth. What do you say to the Princes of heaven?"

"The princes of heaven; and who are they? Heaven is for the poor they say."

"Why, the Saints who reign in heaven with our Lord: the Apostles and the Martyrs: if you like Edward for a

name, there's Edward the Confessor, our good Saxon King: or there's our darling S. Patrick."

"No, no;" almost screamed Nellie. "I couldn't have a boy named Pat—not Pat."

"Well, Michael; isn't he King of all the Angels?"

But the wife shook her head. "Mickie's almost as bad as Pat—so common. Come, Jim, it's my first; let the mother have her way with her first, it is but reason and nature—we'll call him after you and the Prince of Wales—Albert Edward James."

And Albert Edward James was the nearest thing to a Christian name that the Catholic husband could get; not a bad one after all, if it had not been for the unchristian reasons for which the choice was made.

Jim's troubles were just beginning. In a year or two the clouds will gather thickly.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRM STAND.

EVERYBODY said of Jim O'Brien's home that it was beautiful and must needs be very happy. As for the beauty everybody was right. Beautiful country, one of the prettiest of cottages to dwell in, and the dwellers in the pretty cottage were one of the prettiest of wives, and three or four—for time has been getting on—of the prettiest of children. Why! strangers would stop and lean on the bridge, heedless of the time, to watch the little ones at play, or hear their pleasant voices as they sang their childish tunes together. "What a pretty sketch it would make; I really must come and sketch it," was what the ladies said, and carried out their saying, and they would entice the little ones near, that one or other of their happy faces might be wrought into the picture. Albert Edward was growing a sturdy little fellow; and Victoria Alexander Mary—for Nelly would have her

nursery christened royally, and Jim only came in third with his 'Mary,'—"Oh, Jim! it's such a common name"—Victoria was the favourite of the local artists, as she took care, with all the dignity of a mother, of Beatrice Bridget, a small creature of four who held in her arms, by way of a doll, Christian Aloysius Patrick the baby.

And they were as happy as beautiful: never was more loving or more helpful wife, Was Jim ailing at all? Nell almost overdid her watching and her thoughtfulness, not letting him breathe fresh air lest he should catch a cold, tempting him with this delicacy and that sweetmeat till he would rise in loving rebellion against the torture. When he was well he must get up before the lark to be at his work, but his helpmate would be up before him ready with the cup of cocoa, or what he would, to serve as first breakfast. "It's spoiling me you are, Nelly darling: sure never was monarch waited on like this." "And never did monarch deserve it, like my faithful old Jim, turning night into day that he may work the longer for me and the chickey-biddies." The honey-moon was not over yet, after nine years, for either of them. Well might Nelly ask herself "when would it be."

When will it be, Nelly O'Brien? If fondness did not blind you, you must know it is almost at an end now.

"No, Jim, never: that I will not." Nelly, Nelly, those are not honeymoon words; what are they about; what do you mean? "They mean that he asked me to bring the children to my knee in the evening before bed—for he was not at home in time enough—and make them say their prayers. No, Jim; that I will not. How can I? When there's the *Hail Mary* among them; and you know that's flat idolatry, praying to a creature; and he brings me in a statue one day, a very pretty statue, with a lovely face and beautifully painted, it almost tempted me, I own; and he asked me to 'rig him up' a little altar that they might kneel before it and call it mother; but no, Jim, never: that I will not. And

when Jim came in, and I saw he was fretting, poor fellow—and he hadn't that Irish face upon him, bubbling over with mirth, which I love so much—and almost his face won me to do what mother told me was wrong, for sure mother and all must know. No, no, Jim O'Brien, for all I love you so much ; I will not."

Poor Nelly! it was hard upon her ; how could she teach loving devotion to Mary through her statues when she had but the cloudiest idea of who Mary is and what she has done for us ; how could she teach a worship which she thought was wrong? But you will be saying, why not pity poor Jim? surely, of the two, he suffers and will suffer the most. Yes; but it was his own fault ; he deserves no pity, not a grain of it. He knew it all beforehand, or might have known : his Church had taught him so from childhood up ; his priest had warned him so ; his Catholic friends had cried out against it; and as for his fellow-countrymen in Ireland, they would have none of such marriages at any price : to the very last the Church protested against such an union, by that promise she made you both sign, by using as little ceremony, as might be, at the marriage, and by refusing to it all sign of joy. No, no, James O'Brien, a pretty face and a pleasant way have led you out of the true path ; take your pretty face and your pleasant way for what they are worth, and for as long as they will keep ; but when the sorrows come ask for no pity here ; not here, from the friends to whom you would not hearken.

And as the children grew older, the sorrows came tumbling over one another like waves in a flood. Two or three years have passed since we leant over the bridge and watched the children at their play. Albert Edward is a fine boy of some twelve years ; a fine boy and a clever, and of some use to his father with his quickness in figures and calculation. But what does he know of his Faith ? with a father too busy to teach him, and a mother who hates the Faith she should be teaching, he knows nothing. He has

made no first Communion; he's scarcely been to Confession; has not been confirmed; cannot serve Mass; does not know, or scarcely, what it is; even makes the sign of the Cross as if he was ashamed of it. One day as Jim was at work there came a message to him from the mother. "Poor little Bert is very much worse." His heart was set upon his boy, and his boy was——, no, no, no; not dying! he was so strong and beautiful, not dying! "Have you sent for the Doctor, Nelly?" "Of course, Jim; two hours ago." "And for the Priest?" "No; I didn't know I had to. I would if I had known, I'm sure." "Have you been to your Confession, Bert; did you go at Easter?" "No, dad; mother promised to take me, but she never did."

And the doctor came, and was a long time in the room, for Bert was a favourite with them all. At last he came out. "I am very sorry for you, Mr. O'Brien, such a fine young lad." "Doctor, is there no hope?" And he hid his face in his hands on the doctor's shoulder and burst into tears. "Mr. O'Brien, you are a strong man; you love your wife. For her sake bear up; for it will be a terrible shock to her; and she expecting the birth of another. No; as far as man can see, there is no hope." "But, doctor, the priest has not been yet, and my boy must not die without the priest. If you meet him on the way, doctor, hasten his coming: he must not die without the priest." "If I meet him," said the kind doctor, "I will turn round again and bring him in my gig; for the poor lad has but little time." And the doctor was as good as his word; and the priest had but time to hear enough of a Confession to enable him to give Absolution, and the poor boy passed away in his arms —a Catholic? yes, but with no Communion, no Confirmation, no Holy Oils, no Scapular, no Last Blessing, no name of Mary on his lips, small love of Mary in his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMING UP OF THE STORM.

It was a sorrowful day when Nelly O'Brien and her husband left Mill Cottage : each knew, though neither said, that the longer honeymoon of wedded life, the time before its cares and anxieties leave small leisure to love and love's pastimes, was at last over. No more happy walks, when the sun shone brightly within and without, to and from Rackridge, while the rooks cawed their welcome, and the squirrel looked down without alarm, at the gambols of the shouting children : no more standing to be photographed for the pleasure of admiring visitors ; no more romps in the hay-fields, or teas in the little garden-orchard : moreover the difference of their faith or, we should rather say, the entire want of faith in the one, and the strong but scarcely educated faith in the other, which at first had been only like a fleecy cloud on the horizon, had grown with the years in darkness, and was now like a heavy thunder-cloud over their heads ready to burst.

"I never thought to leave Mill Cottage, Jim," whispered sobbing Nell amidst her tears, "it is so full of happy memories, but——"

"O, Nell, don't mind the buts," said poor Jim, half crying dimself ; "we can't help it, dear, it's come upon us, we've hone our best, let us now make a new and happier home in the town where the good Father will help us."

"Not happier, Jim, never !"

Mill Cottage after the death of their boy—a sorrow, which, spite of years grew greater—was no more a happy home, and was full of sad memories. The death of their boy lay over everything, and in bearing that grief neither could be consolation to the other.

"Oh, what's the use, Jim ? what would you be taking those half-crowns to the priest for ? surely the boy needs nothing now ; better to spend it on the living ones who are

left, than the dead who are taken from us," and Jim would turn away to bear his grief alone, and feel that she could not understand. Although they loved each other tenderly there was a gulf fixed between them which they could not pass.

But it was not only the gloom which Albert's death threw over them which drove them from Mill Cottage; it was the absolute need of education. "There's no school to send them to," said Nelly, "they'll grow up ignorant of how to earn their own living."

"There's no school to send them to," thought Jim, "they'll grow up ignorant of the Faith." And it's all your fault, added Conscience, you've sold their faith for a pretty face and a pleasant way; and the face is getting daily less pretty, and the way is fresh no more.

But there was nothing for Jim except to cheer up and be a man. If he'd made a grave mistake—*the* grand mistake in wedded life, "there was no call," he said, "to heap a sack of little mistakes atop of that one grand blunder. I'm yet a young man, and Nell's not the oldest of women; and if I can't have a mate to help me bring up the children, well, poor things, I must do the best I can by myself: but you were a great fool, Jim O'Brien, the biggest fool I've known for many a day, and that's the straight truth for you."

And so Jim took a new heart with a new home; and he and Nellie went, as quick as hopeful hearts could carry them, to see Father Pippet, and arrange with him about the children's schooling: "Father, I know you'll take every pains with Vic—that's our eldest, Father; the Missus would have her called after the Queen; and I believe, poor thing, the Queen's as good a woman as she can be, not being a Catholic, your Reverence. Well, as I was saying, I hope you'll take all the pains you can with her; she don't know her Catechism nor anything, and is almost as ignorant as poor Bertie, that's the boy who died," and here Jim broke down entirely; "poor lad, poor lad; but it wasn't the Missus' fault; what more does she know than the havthen?"

"But has she made her confession?"

"I can't justly say as she has, your Reverence. I begged Nellie to tell you, when you were last out the mill way, for I couldn't see you myself——"

"Oh! Jim, and I forgot all about it; I meant to tell your Reverence Jim's wish: but I never saw the likes of the memory I have. I didn't do it on purpose, Jim; I didn't indeed."

"Well!" said the Priest soothingly, "at all events you can make up for lost time now. Miss Question is a very clever mistress, and she'll teach Victoria her Catechism quite perfectly as soon as it can be done; you will send the children regularly to school every day—Nine o'clock, exactly—and perhaps, Mrs. O'Brien, you won't mind helping in the good work by hearing the children the Catechism in the evening."

But Nellie said she was no scholar, and Father Pippet must really excuse her, and she would teach them wrong, being so unused.

"But at least you'll send them quite regularly—nine o'clock," said Father Pippet.

"I'll do my best, your Reverence; but you must be easy with me for the first week or two, will you, Father; for there's such a lot to do getting into the new house; and it's that filthy from floor to ceiling, you'd think pigs had lived in it and not men; so that Vic must help me in the scrubbing, while Biddy, that's my second, Father, takes care of the baby."

And Jim, who had sat silent the while, had leisure during the outflow of his wife's eloquence to take notice, and form a silent prophecy, that Nell would be match for Priest and mistress in excuses, and that small schooling would his children get, even though he had for school's sake exchanged the purity and prettiness of the cottage by the mill, for the dirt and close air of the Rackridge alleys and bye-streets. But "you've a battle to fight," said the stout heart—"fight it."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BURSTING OF THE CLOUD.

HARDER work than ever for poor Jim! It was no easy task to rise so very early in the morning, before the sun, and before the grand chorus of birds and of other life that welcome his coming: but he had at the cottage by the mill-stream nothing to do but tumble out of bed, snatch a mouthful of his first breakfast, and straight into his work: now he must trudge it every morning, and trudge it sometimes drearily enough over that mile or mile and a bittock, in the snow or the rain or the November fog. And then there was the getting wet through, and the need of changing his soaking clothes: and in the evening when at last the day's toil was over, he could not go bounding into the cottage to find his meal all ready at the same hour daily, and as tasty as Nell's good cooking served up with the condiment of joyous love could make it. He had heart to bound then; but now they were weary footsteps which he dragged towards the unlovely town, and the squalid street and the unlovely companions whom the fresh looks and the better manners of his children had easily drawn towards them. And distance made his coming less punctual than of old, and though Nelly's cookery was as deft as ever, somehow there was some sort of condiment wanting, and the meal did not do the tired hungry man the good which it used to do in that dear old cottage by the mill.

"Well, Vic, my darling," said the father kissing his daughters fondly, for he was still full of tenderest love towards them, "what did Miss Question say to Patsy when you took him to school to-day: was he too young for her?"

Vic answered by nestling still more closely to her father's breast, but uttering never a word. "What's the matter with you, Puss, didn't she say anything! What did she say, Paddy?"

"Please, Daddy, I never went; Vickey didn't take me."

"Not take him, Victoria!"

"She didn't go herself," blurted out Patrick. And Victoria still clung to her father's close embrace, but burst into tears and whispered, "Mother wouldn't let me."

"Wouldn't let you, Vic?"

"No," said the weeping child, "she wanted me to mind the house while she went to see her mother."

Jim put the child from him with an impatience for which he was sorry the moment after, when he saw what grief he gave her: but his brow clouded, and his eyes flashed with a fire which had never been in them since his marriage. In vain did his daughter tempt him to his meal, for which his wife had taken measures to provide. Impatiently Jim continued to stride up and down; impatiently he ordered them to bed, though at Victoria's entreaty he allowed them to say their evening prayers, not unmixed with sobs, at his knees; and the poor fellow's whole soul was clearly thrown into confusion, as if life was wrecked and all its hopes gone.

At last that for which he had been waiting, his wife's steps, were heard—there was some one with her, a some one who turned out to be, when the cottage door opened at last, Mrs. White, his mother-in-law, his wife's evil adviser from their marriage-day; to whose bigotry he attributed half his troubles.

Nelly saw the look in her husband's face, and was silent. "You had better go, mother," she said.

"Mrs. White," said Jim sternly, "I have a word to say to Nelly, your daughter, my wife, which you might not like to hear; and which, perhaps, you would not altogether understand." He opened the door and, notwithstanding her injured pride and anger, Mrs. White walked out.

"Oh! Jim, what is it?" cried Nelly.

"I think you know, Nelly, what it is. Years ago it is now, that you and I stood before the altar and promised to be man and wife."

"And a true wife I have been."

„And a true wife you have been, none could be truer, in all but one point, and that point the greatest. Nelly, they told me not: they who had all right to speak, they told me not to do it; that I should never have my children Catholic, and that therefore I should never be a happy man—nor you," he added, after a pause, "a happy woman. I loved you, Nelly, as, I do believe, no man ever loved woman before, and I trusted in your love for me, to prove their warnings wrong. Nelly Brien, I ask you—our eldest girl is nearing now fifteen, is she a Catholic? Our other children quite old enough to know Catholic prayers and Catholic ways, are they learning them? When I die shall I leave a Catholic behind me?"

The wife's tears had been flowing freely, she felt he was wholly right; all the arguments and excuses with which her mother had primed her vanished. "Jim," she sobbed out, "I have wronged you; I didn't want the children to be Catholics. Forgive me this time, and I will be a truer wife than I have been."

"Truer in that point," said Jim; "truer wife in all other points—God bless you, my darling—there could not be."

CHAPTER VIII.

VICTORIA BECOMES GREAT.

A PERSON of no small importance amidst the dwellers in Tapster Street, Rackridge, was Miss Victoria O'Brien, now a comely lass of eighteen years. Not a few in the town would think comely but a poor word to picture rare and remarkable beauty; the charm of it is that no one can say exactly where the beauty lies, and there is the ever fresh interest of a secret, of a beautiful puzzle at which you cannot choose but look. Take each feature by itself, and you will have seen others as much or more deserving admiration, examine the complexion and it will be by no means

the only bed of spotless lilies on which you have seen red roses spread their blush, and as great a wealth of laughing hair has clustered over many a head as shapely and many a neck as white. It was in the arrangement of the nosegay that the charm lay. You have seen the flowers before but never have you seen them so daintily put together. It was not wholly, though largely it might have been, the look of intelligence, and the sunshine of good humour which brightened everything—from every part of the bouquet the fragrance and the brilliance of the arch Irish wit peeped out. It was not only the irrepressible gaiety with which she dashed away or darted through the petty trials or more serious troubles of life—it was a something special to herself, an unexplainable perfection; every one more or less examined the problem and everyone gave it up and took refuge in words which were a confession of the puzzle, 'Vic O'Brien was a real Irish girl.'

Proud of her Jim could not help being. Day and night his thoughts were on her, and cheerily he worked, though he is not the man he was when we first knew him, that she might show herself one of the quality, a real lady amidst the humbler and ruder dwellers in Tapster Street. Every evening it was this graceful creature, this most loving daughter, who ministered to his comforts when he came weary home, who filled his pipe for him, as scarcely Nelly could have filled it in the days of the long honeymoon, who made his plain meal tasty enough for a king's banquet and tempting enough to make a sick man feign the appetite he had not, who threw over all, while she watched the delight with which he lingered over his meal, the fragrant relish of her delicate Irish wit, and who blessed him with that which is perhaps the truest consolation earth has to give, the knowledge that the affection which is his by every claim of duty is abundantly showered upon him.

Was then the daughter taking her mother's place? No we must not say that; still was Nelly the truest of wives

every way—but the one; still was Jim most devoted and sound-hearted of husbands, but he had come to see, with the daily experience of the past three years, that he expected from Nelly, and that she had set her name to ignorantly, a task which asked more than human powers, a task which could not be done. In her was no love for Catholic things; how give it to her children? How could she be earnest in removing the little difficulties which stood in the way of Catholic school and daily catechism; the headaches which grew into serious sickness, the tiny tear in the frock which was magnified into a disgrace, or the tiny rent in a shoe which would let in water and give them their death of cold. She meant to keep her promise—she did indeed—and yet somehow it was not kept.

And then Victoria—and Patsy also for that matter as he grew older—had a voice no less graceful than her other natural gifts, and no slender help was she to Father Pippet when he would gather his little Christmas concerts and other humble merry-makings such as so small a Mission could manage. But hers was not a voice to be kept within the walls of a small Catholic schoolroom in a back street, and little by little Victoria found herself invited everywhere and urged to make one in every gathering in the town. "Oh, Mrs. O'Brien," said the Rector's wife, when she called, "I'm sure Mr O'Brien won't mind; one can't wonder at it, she is such a sweet girl, and her voice is so wonderfully lovely, but still he must not be too careful of his dear treasure:" and "you won't mind letting her come," said the Rev. Mr. Shakelance, "to the social evening at the meeting of the Free Church Council! nothing religious, nothing more than tea and buns, and I'm sure Mr. O'Brien won't mind them; Nonconformist buns won't disagree with her, and Mrs. Shakelance is the best tea-maker in all Rackridge, Churchman and Wesleyan get quite friendly over her cups."

And Jim was talked over; how could he refuse when all was put to him in so pleasant a way, and he found so much

respect and consideration shown him as the father of the sweet-voiced beauty of Tapster Street. "Indeed," thought Jim, "What if it should make Catholics of some of them; stranger things have been."

And so little by little poor Victoria, while her father slumbered, lulled to sleep by flattery, slid into a habit of careless conduct, from the very idea of which Jim, and even Nell, would have recoiled a year or two before. Many a night coming wearily from work, weary and dissatisfied with himself, as he thought over matters upon his lonely walk, Jim must content himself with the less skilful ministry of Bridget, "awkward little puss," as he was fond of calling her, or even put up with Patsy's aid, while the girls and their mother were away, till it was long past their bedtime and his, at Emlyn Howlett's tea-party, or Cromwell Jones' welcome home from his honeymoon, or other feast days of special interest to their "church." There were nights when illness or other reason deprived the daughter of a mother's needful care.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGINNING OF JIM'S OLD AGE.

"WHY! Where's Vic? I must have my kiss before I go to work. What's the matter with the girl? Does the hussey think I can go and do a day's work without my breakfast?"

"What, Jim; is it no kiss from Vickey, no breakfast?"

"And isn't it the taste of her lips that goes with me all day, and gives me a forty-horse power when I'm lazy."

"Ah, well, Jim, poor boy; you must put up with twice as much from me instead. And, indeed, the faithfulness of a wife, I'm thinking, is beyond the faithfulness of daughters."

"Why, Nell! what's the matter old girl? Hush! be aisy now," as she clung to him convulsively, and her sobs burst

the barrier of the strong effort with which she had striven to keep them down. "Nell! there's something wrong with Vic.! she's ill! she's dead!" and he dashed wildly into her room—"she's worse" as he sank upon his knees beside her empty bed, and burst into a passion of such tears as men shed, but once, perchance, in a lifetime. And the wife stood silent by him, and her heart knew that she had not done her duty—not kept and yet not broken the promise that she made before the priest. And she mingled her tears with his silently, awed by a man's agony.

Two hours passed, and he had not ceased to weep; whether it came suddenly, or whether she then first noticed it, as she looked down upon him with his head buried in his hands she knew not, but the dust of grey ashes—shall we say repentant ashes—lay scattered over his hair. At last he rose, another man; the beauty of his life, the inner life of his life, his first and stronger life was past; and with a stern brow and compressed lip and features set fast with a terrible control he silently left the house. Stay there and weep, Eleanor O'Brien, while your heart cries "Oh, that Jim and I had never met! Oh, that it had never been!"

And where had Jim gone with that stern brow, and those grey hairs and gathered gloom? only to look upon the truth of that which he knew before was true. The witty scape-grace, who was not seldom the companion of her singing, who had won for himself her affections and made himself trusted as a brother by the blinded parents, had schemed their marriage before the registrar in a neighbouring town: and now what chance for her? what protection for her faith in that wedded life which she had begun so badly, with such a surrender of all things sacred? But Jim must see her; he must learn from her own lips that all was true; the full depth of the wretchedness which she had brought upon him. He found her on her wedding day—the ring was on her finger, she was his no more—he found her alone and in tears upon her wedding-day—leaping towards him

yet shrinking from him ; craving for his blessing yet dreading his curse. "Curse you, my child ? Heaven help you ? The fault is mine : mine and yours, but mine first and most. I showed the path for you to tread upon. You have done worse than I ; but after me, after me. And now there will be children to you ; no faith for them, no chance of the faith for them ; I shall be father of a line of children who will hate the faith I loved, who will scoff at the truth for which I would have died, who will be the enemies of the God whom I worship." And as he left her she lifted up her eyes and, even through her tears, she saw the crown of grey hairs with which she had crowned him.

CHAPTER X.

JIM'S MISSING FACE.

"WHY, Jim, where have you left your merry face ?" said the owner of the mill, who did not visit his best friends so often as his workmen would have liked, great favourite as he was with them for his kind way and his trick of giving. "You're forty years older, and you oughtn't to be ; let me see, three years come Michaelmas when I was here last."

"My merry face is it, Master ?" said Jim, "I didn't find it in the looking-glass this morning, where I saw it last ; somebody's run away with it, I'm thinking, and it won't come back any more. Indeed," he added in an undertone of bitterness, "who, or what, would come back to such as I, if he could help it."

Is this our joyous friend who began life so merrily scarce more than twenty years ago, making fun with the beautiful damsel upon whom he had fixed his warm Irish heart, vexing and being vexed with the pleasant sweetmeats flung at each other of O'Brown and O'Bruin and O'White ? Is this he, with the light gone from his eye, and the smile from his lip, crowned with a crown of thorns, and struggling to call

back the gaiety which has gone for ever. Thank Heaven it is he, for he has grace to sorrow for the one mistake that has wrecked his life, and to sorrow for the best of reasons—"Oh, that it had wrecked my life only, and not the faith of those whom God gave me, that they might learn it and keep it."

But if our poor Jim had no new merry face to show, and could not find his old one, there was another face beside him, the very counterpart of his in every feature and expression as he was some eighteen years ago, except for a little more carelessness of look, and a certain lack of that religiousness of manner, which used to make our Jim's companions feel that they could not altogether forget God, when he was by; and that serving God was the grand object of his, as it ought to be of every, life.

Truth to tell, Pat was an anxious sorrow to his Father. His own Irish wit must needs make him laugh at the boy's merry sayings, his many quips and cranks, his jokes in deed and word, his natural acting, his comical look and gesture, the witty turn he gave to ordinary occurrence and common accident, which he would describe with purest mimicry; the lad seemed to cheer his Father up and make him lively, but he did not; and his black hairs kept turning to grey and then to white, and the wrinkles dug pits for themselves deeper and deeper. For Pat was doing what his Father had done, getting more and more in love with another Nellie O'White, even though he was, as she sometimes called him, a mere boy.

And the young couple, as Jim could not help seeing, would be no improvement on the older pair, bad as they might have been. Jim's reverent and religious wit would lose its sparkle and grace in Pat's boisterous and careless merriment; Eleanor's maidenly and retiring beauty was nothing so beautiful in the bold forwardness of Maud Tamplin's unblushing self-reliance. If his children were failures, what would his children's children be? Jim did not like his proposed

daughter-in-law the better because sometimes she would even venture to meet father and son on their return from work.

On such an evening, when a little tiff between the lovers made Maud feel desperately bold to do anything—a splendid evening though the ringed moon boded a continuance of the long spell of rain upon the morrow—Jim was trudging along, with a sad heart as always now, and with no Patsy at his side to divert his thoughts by joke and gambol, for they had kept the younger hands at the mill to help in repairing some mischief caused by the swollen waters which followed on the rain. His slow walk up the weary lane, where sometimes he would almost stick fast in the mud, sometimes would wade through deep pools covering the whole breadth of the way, had brought him at last to a broader and firmer road by which he would reach the bridge across the turbulent and rushing river. It deserved the name of river, being no other than the upper part of one of the largest navigable streams in the South of England, but at Rackridge it was a gentle and placid watercourse enough, good for the bathing of schoolboys and the washing of sheep; nay, even, with the help of locks every mile or so, for the carrying of river-borne coal and other goods which would be dear enough in those days by road.

Now, however, swollen by the continuous rains, and with every lock set wide open to give it free course, it went racing through the town with maddest force, leaping and bounding into the country beyond. At the bridge it swirled and eddied and boiled with fiercest passion because the space of the one arch through which it was permitted to pour was far narrower than the whole breadth of the stream. As Jim turned from the lane into the broader road, he at once saw leaning over the bridge to watch the wild fury of the waters, and dropping pebbles and sticks into them listlessly, his Patsy's Maud. He walked on faint-hearted and displeased —"that troublesome girl"—but a slight scream roused him

and he saw that she had dropped over the bridge a handbag which had been a gift from his son. It had not fallen into the stream, but had caught by some bushes which grew on the bridge side, and was not to be reached easily and without danger from the bank. But it had been Pat's gift. She had brought it with her because he had been a little vexed with her and she would please him in every way; and, before Jim could do anything to prevent it, the foolish girl had reached her utmost towards her treasure, had overbalanced herself and had fallen with a scream into the impatient torrent, which bore her away as easily as one of the bits of wood which she had been flinging to it for fun.

But Jim had seen, and quick almost as the stream itself he rushed across the intervening space of grass in hopes to reach the girl before she was swept past him hopelessly. He is but just in time; clothed and booted as he is, he flings himself into the wild flood, and striking boldly for midstream succeeds in getting a firm grip upon her clothes. The man was a noble swimmer when in the fulness of his strength, but he had never before attempted such a task and under such conditions. Dragged down by his heavy boots, which took all the elastic spring from his strokes; cramped and bound by his clinging clothes, with no very convenient hold of the poor senseless creature whose clothes entangled him, there seemed no hope that he could escape from the powerful sweep of the stream, and direct her and himself towards the bank. The open lock rushed and swirled a short distance ahead, and the mad stream redoubled its madness as it drew towards it. He could scarcely hope to bear his burden through the lock with life to either, he must get out of the full force of midstream before. The struggle cannot go on much longer: his strength could not bear long the strain of supporting the unconscious burden whom he bore with such an uneasy hold. A quick prayer to Our Lady, and a shout is heard from the adjoining bank and a rope flung from a barge which had been moored as securely as might be out

of the cruelty of the current in a sort of shallow bay. He has caught it, and in a few moments he and his son's promised wife are in safety unless the wave has already done its destroying work. It is to know this that Jim must lend his whole efforts now, and as quickly as may be Maud is, with the help of the rough but kind bargemen, carried to another mill, the first house that meets them on the road to Rackridge, and then when it is known that as yet she lives to the house of the good doctor whom we have met before.

When at last she has been treated with all that kind skill can do, the doctor turns briskly, almost angrily, upon Jim. "Now home with you, Mr. O'Brien, as quickly as those soaked boots will carry you; and tell your wife to give you hot good food and something to mix with all that water you have swallowed, or there will be no work for you for a week or two, and I shall be calling at your house oftener than either I or my horse will like. Here, Dick, my boy, see O'Brien home! No thanks, no thanks," as he poured him out a little brandy; "I'm a strong teetotaller, but that will do you no harm." In truth Jim had hardly got into the street, leaning on Dick's arm, before he felt all the reaction from the excitement and the strain on muscle and nerve which the Doctor had foreseen. Pale as a ghost, he tottered into his cottage, where Nelly, only a shade less pale than himself, had ready everything of which a wife's love could think to comfort and to strengthen him.

CHAPTER XI.

GOOD BYE.

THE wave had done its work. Jim on the next day could not rise. Cold seemed to have taken possession of him except when, every now and then, a sudden heat came upon him, trying by its excess to make up for the cold.

Strange half-delirious thoughts and feelings chased each other through his mind. The dead weight of those soaking boots, got off with difficulty the night before, seemed ever on his feet; and the swirling rush of the river ever in his ears, or rather racing through his head: and when this feverish state passed away, the Doctor, who came daily, still looked grave, though not to him nor to Eleanor, and said "I wish he would get rid of that cough and could eat more." To them he said, "No, Mr. O'Brien, do you think they want you at the mill? Not they, till you have found that face you have lost in the looking-glass. It will be a long search, and you must eat, man, eat. The old face won't come back to be starved, not likely." But they could not hide it from him long. Jim was dying; and as Nelly tended and watched, she saw him dying; and thoughts kept telling her, if she had been different he need not have been dying—"he was too young to die, he was too dear to die!"

And the young couple? Patsy really loved his father, and his love redoubled now that the brave man had given his life for her, and so saved for him a wife whom he could not wish as a fit partner for his son. His conduct grew more staid, and he could not weary of hearing the oft-told tale, and gazing on its scene, and picturing how the old man—made old before his time—had managed to dare the deed of courage and self-denial. And "Maud," he would say, "I wish you would let Father talk to you about the Catholic Faith; there is nothing he loves like that; and tell you about Ireland and what the Catholics do there, and how they went on when he was a boy, and about Cromwell and all they suffered." "Patsy, I would do anything for that dear old man," and the tears would come to her eyes. "Then you might read to him whatever he wanted; you've got a pretty voice for reading; it wouldn't be anything but Catholic, you may be sure of that." And she, too, changed and grew less bold and forward and seemed to have got a new life with her escape from the grave."

And Jim began to see there would be some little comfort for him before he died. He had repented, and repented truly; and he had done penance, in soul first and then in body also, and the time of his penance was not to be for ever, but was even now passing away. And Maud was often there; and waiting constantly upon him caught a little of his spirit, and followed some of his prayers, and grew into some of his ways—for she loved to keep clean and decorated for him the statue of Our Lady, and she gave up meat on Friday—"she did not like special cooking for her," she said, but Jim knew what it meant.

One day—it was the day on which the year before he had dared his deed of love for her—she came and said, "Father," and when he looked surprised, "no, father, Patsy and I are not married; but father, for have I not a right to call you father, this day you gave me back my life, surely a father's gift."

"Was it to-day, dear? I had forgotten."

"Father, I have been thinking what gift to give you. I have no money, and if I had what money could buy a gift equal to a life, and so, father, I have thought of this. I know this will please you most of all gifts. I will go to-day to the Priest and ask him will he get me ready to be a Catholic."

Jim did not speak, and poor Maud began to fear he thought her not worthy; he turned a shade paler and his face worked. "Do you like it, father?" Then his voice came with a torrent of tears, "I have been thanking God," he said: "my darling, my darling, true bride of my Irish boy."

Two months after came his birthday; they had been wondering if he could live for two months more; very pale, very weak, the merest shadow, he still lived on, and there was a bright gleam, a sort of sun-set glow on the white face as his Maud knelt before him and kissed his hands. "You will own me for your daughter now, I was received into the Church to-day."

"Thank God, thank God, I can die happy now; my Patsy's children will be Catholics."

Some few days after there was a Catholic funeral in Rackridge; and there were tears shed for Jim which were true and real. We wish we could chronicle that there were real tears from Victoria. The heart was not without its aching, but the pain soon passed away, drowned in wild merriment and careless laughter. But there was more consolation for Jim which he was not permitted to see here. Nelly, who had loved him, and been true to him according to her lights, cherished his image in her heart, now that he was dead, with the fondest affection. It came to her now how earnestly he had longed for her to be a Catholic, and what was the meaning of many things that he had done, which puzzled, if they did not offend, her at the time. That early Sunday at Highbeach, and the Masses at Rackridge itself, and the calls on Father Pippet, and the battle about the names of the babies, which then seemed so unreasonable, and his vexation about their missing school, and his love of Our Lady's pretty statue, they shone somehow with another light upon them, and a light that she loved to look at. And a thousand sayings of his, pithy and full of meaning, which seemed, when they were spoken, to pass in at one ear and out at the other, now lingered in both ears, or ran in her head like the haunting of a tune.

And her desire to do whatever he would have done or wished her to do, was always with her, even in matters of religion. It was she who kept the holy water stoup always clean and well-supplied; she, who, night after night, would light the candles at Our Lady's little altar and have Patsy, or if he was not home, Maud, say the night prayers; and she who asked Bridget—and the new little one, Freddy, who was born when Bertie died, and whose slender form and pretty face we have never yet introduced to our readers—about their confession and communion.

"Mother darling, we must have two anniversaries every

year for dear Dad ; one the day of his death—God rest his soul—and one the day he saved me, don't you think so ; to-morrow week is the river day—I shall never forget it."

"And his birthday," said Christopher, "we always used to keep his birthday ; it would please him if we kept it."

"That's what I notice about you Catholics," said Nelly, "you're so good to your dead ; you never forget them, and always want to get Masses for them, and always think of pleasing them ; and go on almost as if they were not dead at all, but were alive, and could see and hear you."

"Well, so they are, and so they can," said Maud. "Oh, Mammie dear, I wish you'd be a Catholic, and you would understand it all."

And Eleanor sat silent for long, and gazed into the fire and out of the burning strangely figured coals came scenes of the past, and at last she said, "Stranger things have been, dear, than that," and Maud knew that spite of bruises and wounds and losses, and though poor Vic and her children were still held, and likely to be held captive, Jim had not wholly lost that cruel Battle of a Life-time.

ANGLICAN PREJUDICES

AGAINST THE

CATHOLIC CHURCH

BY

LADY HERBERT OF LEA

NEW EDITION

LONDON
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
1899

Preface to the Second Edition.

This pamphlet was written at the same time as *How I came Home*, and was published about thirty-five years ago. It has been long out of print, and I have been requested by several priests to have it republished by the Catholic Truth Society, as they consider it answers many of the ordinary Protestant objections against the Faith. Were I rewriting it, I should probably alter the title, for "Anglicans" have to a considerable extent abandoned many of the "prejudices" mentioned.

A few alterations have been made, but the pamphlet is in the main reprinted as it stood originally.

Mary Elizabeth Herbert.

May, 1899.

Preface to the Original Edition.

This Letter was written by an Anglican convert to her brother, before her reception into the Church.

Many things might, perhaps, have been differently expressed, had she written it now. But she thought it would be a fairer view of the state of mind in which many High-Church Anglicans at this moment are, if she were to print it exactly as it was, leaving out merely the names of persons and places. If it ever should be of the slightest use to any doubting soul, her end will be attained. But the venture must be made in faith. It is only when the step is taken that the full light bursts upon the soul, the scales seem to fall from one's eyes, and one realizes the eternal truth of the One Holy Catholic and Roman Church. Then argument is needed no longer. In the words of one, himself a convert: "I know only one fear—the fear that my heart may be faithless to Him who has bestowed on me this unspeakable blessing. I know only one mystery—the mystery of that calling which brought *me* into this home of rest, while millions are still driven to and fro in the turbulent ocean of the world, without rudder and without compass, without helmsman and without anchor, to drift before the gale upon the fatal shores."

ANGLICAN PREJUDICES

AGAINST THE

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE READING OF THE BIBLE.

I WISH to say a few words as to the popular beliefs regarding Romanism, which I had imbibed from my youth up, but which have been overturned one by one.

It is very difficult to approach this subject even with one's nearest and dearest relations. In England, Protestantism is thought synonymous with good sense, and Catholicism with weakness of mind, fanaticism, or some unaccountable delusion. No conceivable absurdities can surpass the absurdities which are believed of Catholics by sensible, kind-hearted, liberal English men and women—liberal, I mean, on every other point but this. Their ideas are taken from a kind of tradition, not authenticated, but immemorial. They have been taught these notions in the nursery, in the schoolroom, at college, in the newspapers, in society. Dr. Newman, in a clever little book which he published in 1855 on the Position of Catholics in England, attributes this state of things to two causes: the first, that from the time

of Queen Elizabeth the whole literature of England fell into Protestant hands; the second, that English Protestantism became the religion of the throne. It is, in fact, religion grafted upon loyalty, and consists "in backing-up the Queen, whom men see, against a Pope, whom they do not see." The consequence is natural. Tell a person of ordinary intelligence that a well-educated Protestant can find peace and satisfaction in the Catholic Church, and he will simply not believe it. He will talk to you of the "monstrous errors" and "childish absurdities" of the Romish Church; he "knows all about it"—"far better," as poor Lady Granville used to say, "than we do ourselves." He will dilate on the horrors of "Bloody Mary's" reign: he knows nothing of the equal horrors perpetrated in Queen Elizabeth's. He has never read the Acts of Parliament passed during that reign against the Catholics, which make one marvel that any single Catholic remained in England. He knows as little of the religious ideas and religious motives of two hundred millions of his fellow-Christians as if they lived in the moon. He forgets that the forefathers of whom he is so proud—the "brave Saxons" and "Normans," "good King Alfred," "brave Richard Cœur de Lion," "upright Sir Thomas More," and all the rest of his heroes—were of the old Faith. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" With the feeling which characterizes John Bull all over the world, he believes he is right and everyone else wrong. It is hopeless to argue against such prejudice and one-sidedness. But as the effect of early teaching for a long time blinded my own eyes to simple facts, I am going now to enumerate these untruths one by one, and show you how they were disproved to my own satisfaction.

And first, as to the *reading of the Bible.* I firmly believed for at least half my life that it was forbidden

to Catholics. This had been the foundation of *Father Clement* and half the popular story-books which one had read against the Church of Rome. One day the English Bible I always take with me in travelling was lost. I went to a bookseller's, and found a Douay version. In the Preface I came upon the following letter of Pope Pius VI. to the Italian translator in 1778: "At a time when a vast number of bad books are circulated among the unlearned . . . you have judged exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the daily reading of the Holy Scriptures, for these are the abundant sources which *ought to be left open to everyone*, to draw from them purity of doctrine and of morals, and to eradicate error. . . . This you have seasonably effected by publishing the sacred writings *in the language of your country, suitable to everyone's capacity*," &c.

Again, in reading the Fathers of the Church, I find that St. Jerome, St. Cyril, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and countless others, lay down the study of the Holy Scriptures as of the first importance. St. Isidore speaks of the sacred volumes as "the steps whereby we ascend to God." But if it be objected that in later ages this opinion lost weight, turn to St. Bernard, who in his sermons continually urges on his hearers to draw from the sacred text "a substantial and strengthening nourishment," "which shall be as honey in the wax and marrow in the bone." St. Charles Borromeo, St. John of the Cross, St. Francis de Sales, and a host of other Saints, insist on the same point.

In the daily life of Catholics in our day the same rule is observed. I once asked a young Catholic lady, with whom I shared a cabin on my return from the East, if her confessor were very severe with her. She replied: "Oh, no; he is very kind and indulgent. He only insists on one thing; and that is, that I should read some verses of the Bible every day." I had ocular

testimony that she always kept to this rule. The first thing almost that Doctor Manning asked me when I first came back to him in confession in 1863 was: "Have you kept the injunction I laid upon you, never to omit reading some portion of Holy Scripture daily?" So rooted is prejudice in the human mind, that I confess this question surprised me: I thought he would have changed on that point. I have seen a good deal of the teaching in Catholic schools during the last three or four years, and I can honestly say I have found the children as well versed in the history and meaning of the Bible as my own Park school-children. In the daily Eucharistic service there is a gospel and epistle for each day in the year. In the place where I now am these are read first in Latin and then in the language of the country; so that those who cannot read, hear the Bible read, and those who can, find it in their Missals.

Besides this, the Catholic Church makes meditation on Holy Scripture, its words as well as its substance, a part of every Christian's daily duty. All their occasional services, their Via Crucis, their Rosary, their Litanies, what are they but a string of meditations on the Passion, the Life, or the Resurrection of our Divine Lord? The effect of this is to impress a knowledge of the *substance* of Scripture even upon the unlettered, far more deep and living and real than the poor among Protestants generally have. At least this has struck me in going among the Catholic poor abroad, and contrasting them with those in England.

But before leaving this subject, and as an instance of the way in which rash assertions are made, I will mention a little circumstance which occurred when we were in Egypt. Miss Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin, had settled in Cairo and set up a school, which, from various causes, had failed. She attributed this failure mainly to the Roman Catholic

Sisters, who had "seduced away" the children; and in her book entitled *Ragged Life in Egypt* she talks of this, lamenting the fact, and adding: "Thus these poor little ones will never hear again the Gospel—the Word of Life," &c., and a good deal to the same effect. (I cannot be sure of the exact words, as I have not the book with me.) Well, one day at dinner at Mr * * *'s, where there was a large party of English, this book was discussed. Every one had read it, and every one spoke of this particular part of it, exclaiming: "How sad it is!" "You see Rome is just the same all over the world," &c. I ventured at last to say: "But are you sure the assertion is true that they never read the Gospel in the Catholic school?" I was answered by an indignant chorus of "Oh, yes! Miss Whately has been here for years, and *knows all about it.*" Now, what were the *facts*? Miss Whately had never been in the Sisters' School, nor had any one of the ladies who were discussing the matter. I had been there constantly, and that very day had heard what we should call a "Bible Class" on the 1st chapter of St. Matthew, when the children were learning in French and Arabic the history of the Incarnation and Birth of our Saviour, so as to know it perfectly by Christmas. It was of no use my saying this. If I had, the company would simply have looked askance at me, and whispered, "that they were sure Lady H. was more than half a Catholic herself." It would have had no effect on their pre-conceived prejudices. None of them would have taken the trouble to go and judge for themselves; they would not have liked the dirty cut-throat-looking back-streets which led to the Convent. And so *the lie sticks.* Everyone reads Miss Whately's book when they come to Cairo. In the first place, it is "nice, light reading"; then it is in English, and most of our countrymen and women are lamentably ignorant of any other tongue;

and everyone who reads it carries away with him, insensibly as it were, a fresh impression of the "terrible sin" of that Church which "shuts out the Gospel from the people." *The lie has done its work.* They will forget by-and-by Miss Whately and her book, but the conviction will remain. They will forget how or by what process they received it; but *there it is* in their minds, clear and indelible.

I have dwelt so long upon this trivial story because it is a sample of the way in which everything Catholic is judged in England. This kind of loose talk and reckless assertion fixes a stain which is continually deepening in the minds of those exposed to its influence. I know nothing so hopeless as the prejudices thus engendered; and therefore, even while taking the trouble to write all this, I feel it is "kicking against the pricks," unless God will be pleased to open people's eyes and induce them to bring to the consideration of the subject the same fairness, honesty, and impartiality which distinguish Englishmen on every other point but religion. To sum up, therefore, the subject of the Scriptures, I have come to the conclusion that the charge of "keeping back the Bible" is a lie, and that the Catholic Church, by her living and perpetual worship, leads her children into habitual union with the divine objects of faith, and with the realities of our Divine Lord's presence, of which the Holy Scriptures are the *record*, but not the *reality*.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I believed for years that Catholics either omitted altogether, or garbled, or altered, the Second Commandment, which was a standing protest against the "worship

of images." The simple fact is, that Catholics regard the second commandment as an extension of the first, and print it as such; and divide the tenth. But as to this very "worship" of images, as the Protestants call it, it is no more "worship" than my feeling towards my husband is worship. I have his picture in my room; I wear it on my breast; I love to keep up the remembrance of his presence in every way. And in the same manner, and with the same feeling, I wear a crucifix, hidden from all eyes like his picture. I love to have one in my room to help me to realize the wonderful mystery of His suffering and His love; to have before me the representation and image of Him "who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows," and who has been ever since my widowhood the only one who could fill up the aching void in my heart.

The difference in my feelings since I became a Catholic is this: formerly I believed in Jesus and loved Him as an abstraction of faith; now I seem to have a more intimate personal love of Him; a something tangible, the worship and adoration of which, whether in the Blessed Sacrament on the altar, or kneeling before the crucifix in my own room, gives me inexpressible comfort and peace. It is only that the representation brings the substance more clearly before you, and that one loves to have such a representation of the object loved. This, it appears to me, is the real and only reason of pictures and crucifixes in churches, and is clearly so understood by those who use them. St. Jerome says: "As, therefore, the Jews venerated the Ark of the Covenant, and the two images of gold of the Cherubim, though it was nowhere permitted of God that these things should be worshipped, so neither do we Christians *worship the crucifix as God*, but as showing the sincere affection of our souls towards Him that was crucified." I will conclude this subject with the words of Dr. Arnold, in a letter

to Mr. Hull, quoted in Dean Stanley's *Life*, and giving, therefore, the views of even Protestants on this head: "The Second Commandment is, in the letter, utterly done away with by the fact of the Incarnation. To refuse, then, the benefit which we might derive from the frequent use of the crucifix, under pretence of the Second Commandment, is a folly; because God has sanctioned one conceivable similitude of Himself when He declared Himself in the person of Christ."

THE EUCHARIST.

Regarding the Holy Communion, I think there is little difference between the Catholic belief and that held by most High Church Anglicans of the present day. No one amongst them now denies a *real Presence* in this Sacrament. But I have found in the writings of the early Fathers the clearest possible evidence of this mystery. I find that in the very first century St Ignatius, speaking of certain heretics, writes: "They abstain from the Eucharist because they will not believe that the Eucharist is the actual Flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ, that Flesh which suffered for our sins, and which the Father raised again. *They, therefore, who deny this gift of God perish in their disputing.*" All the subsequent Fathers hold the same doctrine. But skipping over what is too long for my purpose, I will quote two passages from St. Ambrose and St. Augustine.

"The Jews exclaimed: 'How can this man give us His Flesh to eat?' Human understanding rejects as false what exceeds its comprehension. You ask: 'How can you prove to me that I shall receive the Body of Christ?' I will prove that the force of benediction is greater than the force of nature. Moses held a rod: he cast it down, and it became a serpent. Again, he took

hold of the tail of the serpent, and it returned to the nature of the rod. See, then, that by grace the nature both of serpent and rod was twice changed." After quoting the waters of Marah, the Jordon, and the miracles of Elisha, he goes on: "Now if the word of Elias so availed, *shall not the word of Christ be of avail to change the nature and species of the elements?* He spoke, and they were made; He commanded, and they were created. . . . But let us establish the verity of the mystery by the Incarnation. Did not the Virgin conceive contrary to nature? Why seekest thou, then, the order of nature in the Body of Christ, when the Lord Jesus Himself was, contrary to nature, born of a Virgin? Real, in truth, was Christ's Flesh that was crucified." So far St. Ambrose. Now St. Augustine: "The Lord Jesus Himself says, 'This is My Body.' *Before* the benediction another species is named; *after*, His Body is signified. It is the same with His Blood, and thou sayest, 'Amen.' What the mouth speaks, let the inward man confess." And again: "We also are fed from the Cross of Christ, because we eat His Body." St. Cyril says: "Our Lord omits to tell the Jews in what way He will give them His Flesh to eat, *declaring that they must believe before inquiring.*"

The result of all I have read, therefore, is to convince me that in the Holy Communion there is truly and actually contained the Body and Blood of Christ; the *substance* being changed, though the *species* remains, by the power and will of God.

But it was some time before I could reconcile myself to the idea of receiving it only under *one kind.* During the first twelve centuries it was administered to the laity, sometimes under one kind, sometimes under both; and Bossuet, in an earnest appeal to the Pope, urges the restoration of the practice. This appeal was not granted in consequence of a heresy which had been

promulgated, that Christ did not exist whole under one species. Both are essential to the *sacrifice*, which is representative of the crucifixion and death of our divine Lord; but either is sufficient for *communion* in the sacrifice. It mattered not what part of the Paschal Lamb each might receive; he who received any part was partaker of the whole sacrifice: much more in the true Lamb, who is a living sacrifice, with whom and in whom we communicate as life with life, not in a separated and fragmentary manner, but as one living and indivisible person. The Greeks, who give communion in both kinds, nevertheless send communion to the sick only in *one*, proving their belief that whoever receives under one kind becomes truly partaker of the whole Sacrament. The words of our Lord, "Do this in remembrance of Me," are literally fulfilled in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. There is no command to communicate in both except for the priest. No Catholic has ever spoken of communion in one kind as mutilated *communion*; but, if celebrated in one kind only, it would be a mutilated *sacrifice*.

Pope Leo and Pope Gelasius ordered, on the other hand, that those who refused the chalice through Manichean and heretical errors, should receive it; as the Church would now, if the same errors arose again. The heretics who lost the true doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist were, as I have said before, the main cause of the denial of the cup to the laity. It was partly to correct their carnal and material view that the Church, in the Council of Lateran, decreed that communion should be given only in one kind. I feel now, therefore, that in receiving it thus, I should be deprived of no grace necessary to salvation. This idea of a separate partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ is, in truth, *unreal*; for though the *signs* may be separated, the *thing signified*, *i.e.*, the Body and Blood of our Incarnate Saviour, cannot be.

I come now to the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. One day this subject was discussed among several clergy, some of whom lamented the discontinuance of the practice in the Anglican Church; but they were met by the usual answer, that it was an "innovation," "Roman," and "new." Now I find proofs of it in the second century, in Tertullian; in the third, in St. Cyprian; in the fourth, in St. Chrysostom and St. Paulinus; and so on. It used to be reserved in private houses in the time of persecution; but when the Church had peace, the reservation was restricted to the churches, as the common home of Christians. St. Paulinus mentions that there were often two tabernacles side by side: "One for the Blessed Sacrament, the Word Incarnate"; the other for the Holy Scriptures, the "Word written." The whole Greek Church has practised it from a high antiquity; so, I think, have the Nestorians, Copts, and all Oriental Churches. It is a curious fact, that the Churches which "reserve" believe in and worship Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; while the Church which has rejected it has lost both the adoration and the faith in the Blessed Eucharist. Who can deny the effect on the human mind of the "little light" telling of the perpetual presence? Who does not feel chilled in entering the finest of our Anglican cathedrals where it is absent? I have elsewhere spoken of the intense comfort that the Benediction service has all along been to me. *It made me a Catholic* long before I knew it. "It is one of the most beautiful, soothing, and natural actions of the Church. It is our Lord's solemn benediction to His people, as when He lifted up His hands over the children, or when He blessed His chosen ones when He ascended up from Mount Olivet. As sons might come before a parent before going to bed at night, so the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father, after the bustle or toil of the day, and He smiles upon them and sheds

upon them the light of His countenance." * How often have I felt in London, coming, in "the season," out of the crowd and turmoil of Regent and Oxford Streets, the blessing and calm of that service in Harley House, "whilst outside the anger of the strong is like a whirlwind beating against the wall"! I say nothing of what the habitual nearness of the Blessed Sacrament does for us, or of the mystical connection which it bears to His sacred infancy and His descent from the cross. The love of the Blessed Sacrament is ever increasing, is daily and life-long. In stillness, in reverence, in heartfelt awe and worship, we kneel before the tabernacle; we pour out before Him our hopes, our wishes, our fears; and it is rarely, if ever, that we do not return home comforted, strengthened, and refreshed by the benediction which He is ever ready to pour out on those who thus seek Him daily in faith and hope and love.

With heart and soul, then, do I daily repeat the words in the "divine praises" said after the Mass: "Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar!"

CONFESSION. INDULGENCES.

I do not think it is necessary for me to say much on the subject of confession. It is recognized as a necessary means of grace among most High Church Anglicans. St. Ambrose, speaking to a penitent as in God's name, exclaims: "Wilt thou plead shame that thou didst not confess to my priest? *I gave a remedy; why didst thou refuse it?*" Again, St. Athanasius: "He who confesses with penitence receives *through the priest*, by the grace of Christ, the remission of his sins." St. Augustine, in the fifth century, exclaims: "Believe and confess. Let no one say to himself: 'I do it in secret.

* Newman.

I do it before God. God (may He pardon me!) knows that I do it to Him in my heart.' Was it then said *without cause*, 'What ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven'? *Without cause* do ye imagine are the keys given to the Church of God? Will ye make void the words of Christ?" and so on, in an indignant protest. Again, speaking of the words of Christ, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, . . . whosesoever sins ye remit," &c., he says: "For to what purpose was this power given if it imposed not on men the obligation of making known their sins? or how could this power be exercised if no sins were communicated?"

I do not dwell on the absurd allegations of certain Protestants, that absolution is given "beforehand," that you may thus obtain a licence to sin, and that there is a kind of tariff for big and little sins—the latter, *moyennant* a few "aves," being allowed to be committed with impunity; that on the church-doors are fixed a catalogue of sins, with a specification of the prices at which remission of each might severally be obtained. If I had not heard members of my own family make such assertions, I should be ashamed to write them down. As it is, I will only say that it is *utterly false* to assert that the Catholic Church has ever held the doctrine that the perpetration of crime could be "indulged" for any sum of money; and that absolution could not be bought without horrible sacrilege. Every Catholic child knows that without heartfelt penitence towards God, and a firm resolution to amend, absolution is never given, and, if given, would be invalid. I do not for a moment imagine that this Sacrament has never been abused or used for bad and vile purposes. But so have the holiest rites. The *abuse* of a good thing does not make the thing itself bad. But take confession *as it is in fact*—as those can bear witness who know it by experience, and, as Dr. Newman says, "No other

ordinance of the Church is so helpful, so soothing, or so full of blessing."

And connected with this subject, and with the absolution given to penitents, is the question of *Indulgences.*

Nothing shocks English people more than this word. It is connected in their minds with all the abuses and evils which may have undoubtedly existed in some places in the time of Luther and of the Reformation. I will try and write down what I believe to be the real Catholic doctrine regarding it.

1. We know that by the vicarious sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ the sin of the world has been taken away.
2. That the penitent claims the benefits of His Death and Passion to remove not only the guilt, but the consequences of sin.
3. That the consequences of sin are twofold—eternal and temporal.
4. That in absolving sinners who are truly penitent from the eternal punishment of sin, God often inflicts temporal punishment; and this power was committed to the Church.
5. The Church has equally the power to mitigate or "indulge" these temporal punishments; and this is what is called an *Indulgence*, the remission of eternal guilt being called *Absolution.*

David is a direct instance of what I mean. He *confessed* his sin to Nathan. Nathan *absolved* him—"The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die," &c. Nevertheless, the *temporal* punishment was inflicted in the death of his child, and not remitted till after long penance or "satisfaction."

Now thus far do I not think there can be any difficulty to any one who believes, with St. Augustine, in the words of our Lord: "Whosesoever sins ye remit," &c.

But the doctrine of Indulgences goes further than this.

"If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged of the Lord." If we humble and chasten our own souls, He will spare us. If we will not, He will chasten us, "that we be not condemned with the world." And knowing the sinfulness of our hearts and lives, and the vast chastisement necessary for our purification, even after full pardon or "absolution" from the mouth of His ministers, we believe that, either in this world or in the world unseen, we must be purified through a discipline of some sort. This discipline, whether laid on ourselves by ourselves or laid upon us by God, is *penance*. But if, through fervour of repentance, any soul takes upon itself a voluntary discipline of chastisement, the Church has power to grant the penitent God's "*indulgence*." In a word, the *guilt* of sin is not remitted by what is called an "indulgence" but the *temporal punishment*, or such a portion of it as, in the order of divine justice, may remain due after the guilt has been remitted. There remain points relating to the unseen world, and to the participation of all members of Christ's Body in the "satisfaction" of His martyrs and servants, upon which I will not now enter. What I have said is the whole *doctrine* of the Catholic Church as regards indulgences; and to one who believes, as I do, in the absolution of her ministers, it offers no difficulty.

PURGATORY AND PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Catholics hold that there is an intermediate state, where souls to whom remission from eternal pain is given, are yet liable to some temporal punishment, and that such souls are relieved by the prayers of their fellow-members here on earth.

There is no doubt that prayers for the dead were always in use among the Jews; and Jeremy Taylor

remarks upon this, that our Saviour "never condemned the practice." There is also no doubt that such prayers were used from the earliest times in the Christian Church, which at once leads to the conclusion that they were considered needful for the departed; as, if they were happy, why should they need our prayers and offerings?

Tertullian, speaking of a wife, says: "Therefore doth she pray for his soul, and begs for him, *in the interim*, refreshment, light, and peace." Again, St. Cyril: "Thus do we plead on behalf of all who have already fallen asleep among us, believing that it will be a very great assistance to their souls, for which the most holy and awful Sacrifice is offered." Again, St. Ephrem exclaims: "Let us pray distinctly and by name for each brother or sister that departeth from us. Let us supplicate the Judge, who hearkens to the prayers of those that love Him." And then follow seventy or eighty prayers for their deliverance from suffering. Again, St. Chrysostom says: "Not in vain are oblations made on behalf of the departed; not in vain, supplications; not in vain, alms; nor in vain have these things been ordained by law by the Apostles, that prayers and commemorations of the departed take place at the awful mysteries. They knew that much gain accrues to them and great assistance."

St. Augustine, in his beautiful prayer for his mother, Monica (who had implored him, when she was dying, to "remember her daily at the altar of the Lord, wherever he might be"), pleads with God for forgiveness of her sins, and the shortening of her time of probation, in words of touching earnestness. In writing to Laurentius, also, he says: "Nor is it to be denied by any one that the souls of the departed are relieved by the piety of their living friends." St. Paulinus says: "In the Book of Machabees we read that sacrifice was offered for the dead; and the *authority of the Universal Church in this*

practice is clear, since in the prayers of the priests, poured forth to the Lord God at His altar, the recommendation of the departed has its appointed place."

But it is useless for me to multiply extracts, or to show how such prayers have a place in every Liturgy except the Anglican. It is enough for me that such authorities sanction and encourage the practice, and believe in its necessity, even if no feeling in my own heart urged me to plead incessantly for my husband and father in the beautiful words of the Church: "Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei." "Fidelium animæ, per misericordiam Dei, requiescant in pace. Amen."

THE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

And now to come to a point which is, and ever must be, the great difficulty with all Anglicans. Talk to an Englishman about Popery, and in five minutes he will come to the "blasphemous new doctrine of the Immaculate Conception," and wonder what the Church of Rome will "develop next." But here, again, I found that the ideas I had previously conceived as to the Catholic belief in the matter were entirely erroneous. That any soul in the Catholic Church worships the Virgin as *God*, I simply and invincibly disbelieve. They put her in the exact position of Eve before the fall. They argue that our Saviour could not have been born of one less pure than was the first mother of our race; and with this view agree all the early Fathers. Even the Protestant Bishop Hall, in his work entitled *No Peace with Rome*, exclaimed: "O blessed Mary! he cannot honour thee too much who deifies thee not." Martin Luther says of her, in his famous sermon on her conception: "The Virgin Mary holds as it were a middle position between Christ and man; for in the first moment she began to live she was

exempt from all sin." "For it could not be said to her by the angel Gabriel, '*Blessed* art thou among women,' if at any time she had been obnoxious to the curse."

But let us return to the first days of Christianity. I find in some Acts, which are very early, if not, as some have thought, so early as to contain the profession of faith of St. Andrew before his martyrdom, these words: "Because the first man was created of immaculate earth, it was necessary that the perfect man should be born of an *immaculate* virgin." The celebrated comparison between Eve while yet immaculate and incorrupt, and the Blessed Virgin, is drawn out and enlarged upon by St. Irenæus, Tertullian, St. Justin, St. Cyril, St. Epiphanius, St. Hippolytus, Origen, St. Ephrem, St. Anselm, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and a mass of other Fathers from the first to the fifth centuries. No controversy on the point seems, in fact, to have arisen till the twelfth century. The festival of the Immaculate Conception had been established in the East from the earliest times, and in the West in the seventh century, but not authoritatively from Rome. Then came discussions on the question of whether her innocence began at the moment of her conception or at that of her birth; and St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, and others hotly contested the point. They believed that she was, as it were, the first-fruits of the redemption; and that, by a new kind of sanctification, the Holy Spirit had preserved her immaculate, to be a fitting temple for her Divine Son. In 1497 the University of Paris proclaimed the doctrine by statute, and their example was followed by most of the other European Universities. For many years, I fancied that this doctrine of the "Immaculate Conception" was a new dogma, invented by Pius IX.; whereas thirty-three Popes before him had sanctioned and encouraged the devotion, which was first decreed by Sixtus IV. in 1476. All that Pius IX. did was to define and pro-

claim that doctrine which the Catholic Church had for so many centuries believed. Dr. Newman on this point, in his *Apologia*, says: "Be large-minded enough to believe that men may reason and feel very differently from yourselves; that we have no intellectual difficulty in that in particular which you call a 'novelty' of this day . . . . Indeed, it is a simple fact to say that Catholics have not come to believe it because it is defined, but *it was defined because they believed it.*"

But now as to the "cultus" of the Blessed Virgin. Dr. Newman says it was "his great crux as regards Catholicism"; and I confess it has been one of my greatest difficulties. The intervention of the Blessed Virgin is looked upon by Catholics as a part of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, as it is revealed through the Incarnation, and recognised also in Scripture. They ask for her intercession with her Divine Son, as we should plead for the prayers of those whom we love when we are in trouble. But I do not think it rests with them on logic or development, but on the order of divine facts. Next after the love and veneration which the Apostles paid to their divine Lord was the love and veneration they paid to His Mother; and this domestic affection, as I may call it, in the family of God, has descended, by a living tradition of heart and mind, to this day. The Incarnation, which made the Son of God our Brother, made His Father our Father, and His Mother our Mother. True, though supernatural, relations exist between us and her; and relations impose *duties* and elicit *affections*. It is, however, a great and difficult mystery still. St. Eucherius exclaims: "If you would try to realize how great is the Mother, think how great is the Son"; and St. Anselm: "To proclaim this alone of the Blessed Virgin, that she is the *Mother of God*, exceeds every height and name which, after that of God, it is possible to conceive."

This, then, is the Catholic belief on the subject. There is, no doubt, much in the language used concerning Mary, especially in southern countries, which grates upon one, and appears excessive. "They are," as Dr. Newman says, "suitable for Italy, and not for England." But what I did not understand at first was, that these devotions are not enjoined upon any one. They are not matters of faith. It is the same with the doctrine of the Assumption. It has been believed universally and lineally from the earliest traceable antiquity; and for the following reasons:—

1. Corruption is the dishonour which follows sin. The Blessed Virgin was "pure" and free from sin: how should corruption prevail over her? She died,—but the sinless may die, as Jesus did,—and saw no corruption.
2. Jesus took our humanity of her, and deified it in Himself. Is it natural to suppose that she of whom He took that deified manhood should turn into the corruption of the grave?
3. That humanity was raised from the dead and glorified in Him. Is it natural that her body, which was the temple of the Incarnate Word, should be now in the dust, like that of Cain or Jezebel?

But to me the strongest proof was, that at Jerusalem, though her grave is well known and resorted to by thousands of every faith (for even Mussulmans venerate her), her sepulchre is by all allowed to be *empty*; and among all the relics of saints preserved and honoured throughout the world, there are none of *her* but her clothes.

However, as I said before, this is not a *dogma*, or part of the Catholic Faith. No one is compelled to believe it, or would risk salvation by not doing so. The more I see and know of Catholic worship, the more I feel that the Catholic Church allows no image of any sort, no

saint, not even the Blessed Virgin, to come between the soul and its Creator,—that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and to Angels and Saints, as little interferes with the meditation of the Redeemer as the love which we bear our friends and relations is inconsistent with that supreme homage to the Unseen, which does but sanctify and exalt what is of earth. What does Faber say in that wonderful and comforting book of his, *The Foot of the Cross*? "Our Blessed Lord was at once our atonement and our example. He redeemed the world solely by His precious Blood. *By His merits alone* are we saved. His prerogatives as our Redeemer are simply *unshared by any one.* His Mother had to be redeemed as well as the rest of us, though in a different way,—by prevention, and not by restoration." And again, speaking of the effect which the use of the rosary should produce, he says: "All these devotions should create in our minds *an extreme tenderness towards our Blessed Lord*, united with the profoundest reverence. This is, in fact, their main object."

The whole tone of this book struck me very much, for this reason: I had a repugnance from reading it, knowing it to be on what Catholics call the "Glories of Mary": but I found that it should rather be called the "Glories of Jesus"; for every argument, every description, led one up, as it were, from the Mother to the Son; and I began for the first time to understand what an old priest once said to me in the East: "You will never really love Jesus till you have learned the devotion to His Mother." Therefore this point has ceased to be a difficulty with me. My reason and common-sense led me to acquiesce in the belief in her purity, and of the "Second Eve" not being inferior to the first. And with regard to pleading for her intercession with her divine Son, it seems to me equally reasonable to believe that she who was nearest to Him on earth should be nearest

to Him in heaven; and that if we beg for the prayers of those on earth whom we love, and in whose holiness we believe, much more should we have confidence in the prayers and intercessions of the Saints and of the Blessed Virgin, who in heaven perpetually behold the presence of their Lord.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE CHURCH.

UNITY. THE MEANING OF DEVELOPMENT.

It seems to me that the one great difference between Catholics and Anglicans is in the doctrine of the Holy Spirit.

1. Both believe that the Holy Spirit came on the day of Pentecost, and that He is to abide in the world to the end.
2. Both believe that the office of the Holy Spirit is to illuminate and sanctify the soul.

But the Catholic Church believes and teaches more than this. We see in the Holy Scripture:—

1. That the Father sent the Son into the world to redeem it; and that when the Son had ascended, the Father and the Son sent the Holy Ghost to abide in this world for ever; that is, that when the Second Person of the Holy Trinity had finished His work and ascended, the Third Person came to take it up and carry it on for ever.

2 That though the Son was in the world before the Incarnation, yet He came then in a new way, and for a new work; and that likewise, though the Holy Spirit was in the world before the day of Pentecost, yet He came on that day in a new way, and for a new work.

3. That before the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit dwelt in *individuals*. Since that day, He dwells also in

the *mystical Body* of Christ. Therefore St. John says: "The Spirit was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified."

4. That before the Incarnation the *mystical Body* of Christ did not *exist*, and that it was first fully formed when our Blessed Lord, the Head, ascended into heaven. (See Eph. i. 19 and 23; and iv. 4–16.)

5. That from the day of Pentecost to this hour there has been "One Body and One Spirit"; that is, the One Universal Church, the dwelling-place and the organ of the Spirit of Truth.

From all these plain truths of Holy Scripture the following conclusions are arrived at:—

1. That the Holy Spirit is the perpetual and divine Teacher upon earth.
2. That the One Universal Church is the organ of His voice. Whatsoever, therefore, the One Universal voice teaches is the voice of the Spirit of God and therefore infallibly true.

Therefore:—

That if we believe truly the office of the Holy Spirit, we must believe in the infallibility of the Church; and that if we do not believe in the infallibility of the Church, we cannot believe truly the office of the Holy Spirit.

To sum up the above:—

The office of the Holy Spirit is not only to give clear conceptions of the original Revelation, but:—

1. To preserve and perpetuate those conceptions in the Church.
2. To assist the Church in the enumeration of those conceptions.
3. To guide the Church in discerning what is the original Revelation, in the midst of errors which often simulate truth.
4. To define in more explicit terms the doctrines assailed by heresy.

5. To check the errors of private judgment by a perpetual and divine authority, proclaiming the original Revelation, and the errors of all private appeals to Scripture or antiquity by the perpetual and living divine voice of the Holy Spirit, the author of the original Revelation. In one word, to sustain and prolong the illumination of the Day of Pentecost to the end of the world.

All appeals to antiquity *against* the voice of the Church at this hour have:—

1. Their origin in a perverted private judgment.
2. Their legitimate result in rationalism, because they deny the perpetuity of a Divine Voice, speaking always as at the beginning.

You will say: "But we have the Scriptures. We go by the Bible." Listen to what St. Ambrose says on this head:—

"Learn that Satan often sets a snare for the faithful by means of the Divine Scriptures themselves."

St. Jerome: "The science of the Scriptures is the only one which all persons indiscriminately claim as theirs." And again: "Neither let sectarians feel satisfied with themselves when they seem to prove what they affirm by portions of the Scriptures, since even the devil quoted the Sacred Writings; and the Scriptures consist not in being read, but in being understood."

St. Hilary: "Remember that there is no heretic who does not now assert that he utters *according to Scripture* the things wherein he blasphemes. All plead Scripture without the mind of the Scripture; and unbelieving plead belief."

Tertullian: "Thy faith hath made thee whole, not thy exercise in the Scriptures. Who shall understand the marrow of Scripture but the school of Christ itself, namely, the Church, which is set as a master over us, to teach us all things?"

But St. Augustine is stronger than all the rest. He exclaims: "I would not believe the Gospel itself unless the authority of the Catholic Church moved me."

I could fill pages with similar extracts; from which it clearly follows that the custom of the Church from the earliest ages is to approve the faith in two ways:—

1. By the authority of Scripture.
2. By the tradition of the Church.

Not because the canon of Scripture alone is not sufficient of itself for all things, but because men, interpreting the divine words according to their own pleasure, conceive various opinions and errors; and for this cause it is necessary that the interpretation of Scripture be directed according to the one rule of the ecclesiastical sense, which is directed by the Spirit of God.

I will conclude this portion of my subject by a quotation from Bossuet's letter to M. Claude, a Calvinist minister, which ends as follows: "There was no time when a visible and speaking authority did not exist to which submission was due. Before Jesus Christ, that authority among the Jews was in the synagogue: when the synagogue was on the point of failing, Jesus Christ Himself appeared; and when He ascended, He left a Church, and with it His Holy Spirit. Tell me that Jesus once more appears on earth, teaching, preaching, and working miracles, I want this Church no longer. But if you take her from me, again I must have Jesus Christ in person, speaking, instructing, deciding by miracles, and with an unerring authority. 'But has He not left,' you say, 'His written Word?' He has, a Word holy and adorable; but it is a Word which may be handled and expounded as fancy shall direct—a Word that remains silent under every interpretation. When difficulties and doubts arise, then we must have some external guide that shall solve those difficulties and satisfy our doubts, and that guide must be unerring."

The history of every doctrine will show that *gradual* explicitness has been the condition of its expression. Almost every doctrine will thus show three periods :—

1. Of implicit consciousness in the mind of the Church.
2. Controversy as to its explicit statement.
3. Definite and final expression.

The expression "Trinity," for instance, is not found before A.D. 200. As to *substance*, St. Peter, St. John, and the rest believed the same as it is expressed in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds ; but as to conception of doctrine and its *expression*, we learn of the Church what years of heresy and conflict with heresy had *developed*. This is the sole and only sense of the much-abused word *development*. The notion that it signifies either increase of the *quantity* revealed, or in the number of revealed truths, is an error from want of theological knowledge or clearness of apprehension. The Church affirms development in the sense I have given, and rejects all other under anathema. But to return to my original subject. The dispute between the Churches is in reality not of this doctrine or of that, but in the belief in "*one Fold, under one Shepherd*," one Church, one Truth, one Divine Voice. This excludes, or rather is superior to, all other questions. No organization is sufficient which is out of *unity*. "The Church of God is *one*," says Gelasius : "one is the Church in heaven ; the same also upon earth ; and in this Church the Spirit abides for ever." And St. Cyprian : "God is one, and Christ one, and the Church one, and the Chair one founded by the Lord's Word *upon a rock*. There shall be *one* flock. How, then, can he who is not of the number of the flock be reckoned *in* the flock?" "He can no longer have God for a Father who has not the Church for a mother. The Spouse of Christ is His Church. She owns but one home. She keeps us for God." "He who holds not

this unity, holds not the law of God; holds not the faith of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; holds not life or salvation; because Christ's Church cannot be rent. His tunic, the emblem of the Church, was not divided by those to whom it fell. Whatsoever, then, is parted from the body cannot live in a state of separation; it loses thereby the very principle of health." And St. Irenæus: "Who are they who rend and divide, and, as far as in them lies, destroy the great and glorious body of Christ? For where the Church is, there is the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church and every grace; and the Spirit is truth." Again, St. Ignatius: "I exhort you to concur in the mind of God and of Jesus Christ, our inseparable life, that there be one prayer, one supplication, one mind, one hope, one love in His Body, which is the Church."

I will quote no more. All rivers run into the sea, and all truths run at last into this one to which all Protestants demur.

The divine Revelation of Christianity, the Inspiration of Scripture, and the Infallible Voice which guides the Church, are the three truths on which depend the unity of the glorious Body of Christ; and upon this faith depends the salvation of those who see it, and to whom His Holy Spirit alone can reveal it.

THE SUPREMACY OF ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

Closely connected with the subject on which I have written above is the question of the Supremacy of St. Peter's Chair. It is one of the subjects on which English people are the hottest. "The Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender" were the bugbear of our ancestors, and it virtually is so still. Mr ——, in some long but very kind letters which he wrote to me on the subject of the

two Churches, dwelt specially on this point, asserting "that such a supremacy has been *developed* in the Western Church, and that it was neither recognised in the first four centuries nor in the Athanasian period." Now, I will leave out the evidence from Holy Scripture of the peculiar and separate charge given by our Lord to St. Peter, *apart and distinct from* the rest of the Apostles. I leave out the proofs in the Acts of the Apostles, quoted so largely by Passaglia, of his having been at once admitted and received by the Church as their head. I will take Mr ——'s own standing-ground, which, on inquiry, I found completely disproved. In the second century, St. Irenæus writes: "To Rome it is necessary that every Church resort, in which great and glorious Chair has been preserved that tradition which is from the Apostles."

Tertullian: "For if thou thinkest heaven is closed, remember that our Lord left here the keys thereof to St. Peter, and through him to the Church."

Origen: "On Peter, as on the earth, was the Church founded, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail."

St. Cyprian: "There is one Baptism, and one Holy Ghost, and one Church, founded by Christ our Lord upon Peter, for an origin or principle of unity."

St. Ambrose: "They have not Peter's inheritance who have not Peter's Chair: therefore, where Peter is, there is the Church; and where the Church is, there death is not, but life eternal."

St. Chrysostom: "He intrusted to his hand (Peter) the Primacy over the universal Church. And should any one say, 'Why, then, did James receive the Throne of Jerusalem?' this is my answer: that he appointed this man Peter not teacher of that throne only, but of the whole habitable globe."

At the beginning of the Arian heresy, Pope Julius

summoned St. Athanasius, together with his opponents, to appear at Rome; which summons *St. Athanasius obeyed.*

St. Basil addressed an earnest appeal to the Pope to come and settle the many and grievous disputes in the Eastern Church: and St. Ambrose again, writing to the Pope Siricius, says: "We have recognised in the letter of your Holiness the watchfulness of the good shepherd who does faithfully guard the fold of Christ."

Again, St. Jerome: "As the East, vexed with internal discord, is tearing into shreds the seamless garment of the Lord, therefore have I felt that I must consult the Chair of Peter. Following no chief but Christ, I am joined in communion with your Holiness, that is, with the Chair of Peter. Upon that rock I know that the Church is built. Whosoever eats the Lamb out of this house is profane. If any be not in this Ark of Noah, he will perish whilst the deluge prevaileth. Whosoever gathereth not with thee, scattereth; whosoever is not of Christ is Antichrist. Meanwhile I cry aloud, 'If any one be united to the Chair of Peter, he is mine.' Wherefore I beseech your Holiness that you would make known to me with whom I ought to hold communion in Syria."

And again, St. Chrysostom: "Why did Christ shed His blood? That He might obtain possession of those very sheep which He intrusted to Peter, and his successors after him."

I will only give one more quotation, from St. Augustine, though I might multiply them *ad infinitum.*

The Council of Carthage had made application to Rome as follows: "We have considered that what has been done by us must be made known to your Holiness, that to the decrees made by our lowliness might be added the authority of the Apostolic See." St. Augustine, after declaring that when submitted thus to

the Chair of Peter "*the affair was settled,*" adds: "for with the Roman Church is the authority in which the primacy of the Apostolic Chair has always been in force."

I will not quote any later Fathers, as they would be irrelevant to my purpose, which is to prove that this supremacy is not a "*modern development.*" Neither was it the main cause of the Greek schism, which was brought about by the ambition of Photius and the political intrigues of Constantinople. That the Greeks acknowledged the supremacy of Rome up to 869 A.D. is a matter of history. Eight great Œcumenical Councils had been held up to that time, which were all held in the East; and, as M. Guizot adds, "by Bishops of the East, under the influence of Emperors of the East, the Papal Legates being often the only Westerns present." But they invariably looked to the ratification of the Apostolic See as essential to the validity of their decisions. Thus the Seventh Council, rejecting a previous one, says: How was it legal? for it had not the countenance of the Roman Pontiff, "*as the Law of Councils requires*"; and of another heretical assembly it is said: "They have dared hold a council without the authority of the Apostolic See, which never was lawful, and never has been done." And again: "For we cannot, without the consent of the Bishop of the Roman Church, hear causes of faith. We await therefore the sentence of your Apostolic Throne," &c.

"Out of the twelve Apostles is one selected," says St. Jerome, "that by the appointment of a head the occasion of schism may be taken away." And St. Augustine, after a magnificent defence of the Church against heresy, bursts out with: "In the Catholic Church, the agreement of peoples and of nations keeps me; an authority begun with miracles, nourished with hope, increased with charity, confirmed by antiquity,

keeps me; the succession of priests from the Chair itself of the Apostle Peter, unto whom the Lord, after His resurrection, committed His sheep to be fed, down even to the present Pope, keeps me; finally, the name itself of the Catholic Church keeps me—a name which, in the midst of so many heresies, *this Church alone has obtained.* So that, though all heretics would fain have called themselves, and do call themselves, 'Catholics,' yet, to the inquiry of any stranger: 'Where is the meeting of the Catholic Church held?' they dare not point to their own churches or house."

Perhaps you will think that I have all this time forgotten the claims of the Anglican Church to the Apostolical Succession of orders. But I have always felt this difficulty: that at the very best it must be a matter of the most serious doubt whether there are any Anglican Priests at all. It is a matter of history that when the supreme jurisdiction of St. Peter's See was transferred to the Crown, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the Primacy was vacant, and sixteen Bishops alone survived. Of these, fifteen refused to accept the new oath, and were deposed. Only one, Kitchen, Bishop of Llandaff, accepted the conditions offered by the Crown, and retained his See. But, to my mind, it appears irrelevant to the great question at issue whether the English clergy have the Succession of orders or not. There is no doubt that the Donatists had this Succession, yet they were condemned as heretics. And again: the Nestorians have valid orders, yet are schismatics. In each case the unity of the Church Catholic was broken; and by their separation from the great body of the Church they forfeited the rights and privileges of its children. It is a favourite argument with my Anglican friends, "that it was not *they* who made the schism, but the Church of Rome, who, by her additions and superstitions, had departed

from the faith of the early Church, to which, at the Reformation, Anglicans returned." How they can by any possibility reconcile the teaching of St. Augustine or St. Ambrose with the Thirty-nine Articles, I leave it for them to discover.

ON JUSTIFICATION.

Mr —— once said to me: "This is the weak point of the Catholics, and the one on which the great difference between the Churches turns." I will not, therefore, in this paper do as I have done in the others, *i.e.*, quote the authority of the Fathers of the first four or five centuries, because he would look upon them as confirming the Anglican view of the matter, which he thinks is not the actual one of the Catholic Church in the present day. I will, therefore, begin with St. Bernard, and his famous book on "Grace and Free Will," which I brought with me here to read up the subject. It was called forth by the following circumstances: He was talking one day to his brethren upon the marvellous effects of grace, and added, in a tone of deep thankfulness, that grace had always prevented him in good; and that "all good owes to grace its beginning, its progress, and its perfection." One of his listeners answered: "If grace does everything, what will be our reward? where our merits? where our hope?" St. Bernard replied: "What! do you think to be the author of your merits, or to save yourself by your own good works; you, who cannot even pronounce the name of Jesus without the grace of the Holy Spirit? Have you forgotten the words of Him who said, '*Without Me* ye can do nothing'? It dependeth not on him that willeth or on him that runneth, but on God, who showeth mercy. But if you ask me, 'What then

becomes of our free will?' I reply: 'It shows us how we can work out our salvation.'"

This conversation made St. Bernard determine to write something on the subject; and thus he produced what has been called "The Golden Book." I can only give a very short summary of it here.

He first lays down, with St. Augustine, that every good action supposes the co-operation of the human will with divine grace, and that the work of salvation cannot, therefore, be accomplished without the concurrence of these two things, *grace* and *freedom* — grace, which gives; freedom, which receives, which acquiesces, which consents: so that to work out our salvation is to consent to grace. "Thus, of ourselves we will; but it is of grace that we will what is good." It would be too long for me to copy a hundredth part of the argument. I will, therefore, only add one more extract.

"O man, when non-existing thou couldst not create thyself; a sinner, thou couldst not justify thyself: dead, thou couldst not raise thyself to life; no one can doubt these truths, except he be ignorant of the justice of God, and seek to establish his own. And who is ignorant of the justice of God? He who attributes to himself any merits but those which proceed from grace. You will ask, then: 'What is the use of good works?' There are three things which contribute to the renewing of the inward man—a right intention, pure affections, and good deeds. But inasmuch as it is the Holy Spirit who works these good dispositions in us, they are the gifts of God; in so far, on the other hand, as they require the consent and concurrence of our will, they are, by God's free mercy, imputed to us as merit. To sum up all in one word, with St Paul: 'Whom He called, them He also justified; whom He justified, them He also glorified.'"

But I will leave St. Bernard and his grand work, which

seems to me to exhaust the subject, and go to a work entitled *Roman Catholic Principles*, published in the reign of Charles II. :—

1. "When man has sinned, the remission or pardon of sin is not attainable by him otherwise that in and by the merits of the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, who freely purchased our ransom."
2. "It is only through the same merits of Jesus Christ that the just man can obtain either an increase of holiness in this life or eternal happiness in the next."
3. "The good works of a just man, proceeding from grace and charity, are so far acceptable to God, through His great goodness and sacred promises, as to be truly deserving of reward, *God crowning His own gifts* when He crowns the good works of His servants."

Again, in a work by the Rev. James Waterworth, entitled *The Faith of Catholics*, precisely the same views are laid down, and that from irrefragable authority. But I will conclude with the end of the declaration on this subject by the Council of Trent.

"Although in the Sacred Scriptures so much be so absolutely attributed to good works, that Christ promises that even he that 'shall give a drink of cold water to one of His little ones shall not be without his reward'; and that the Apostle testifies that 'what is but a light and momentary tribulation here works in us an exceeding weight of glory in heaven'; nevertheless, God forbid that a Christian should either trust or glory in himself and not in the Lord, *of whose bounty alone it is* that the things which are His gifts should be reckoned as our merits." In what is this doctrine different from that of the English Church?

MIRACLES AND RELICS.

There is one other subject on which I wish to say a few words, and that is on the subject of Miracles. Catholics believe that they happen in any age of the Church, though not for the same purposes or in the same number as in Apostolic times; that what God did once He is likely to do again, in his own time and way, to confirm the faith and stop the mouths of unbelievers. Protestants, on the other hand, flatly disbelieve in them, affirm that they are "*all false*," and lay down as a kind of first principle that "*there are no miracles since the days of the Apostles*." If you point to the tradition of the Church from the earliest times they will reply: "Oh, yes, of course; it is their whole system of priestcraft. Clever men must see through the humbug. Those who don't are women and fools. But they keep it up, those priests, *because it pays*." Who has not heard the changes rung on this theme a hundred times? And yet these very people will believe in mesmerism, in spirit rappers, in every conceivable "spiritualism," *except* that of the Catholic Church. Now I will not go through the evidence of the first three or four centuries of the belief on this head, but skip at once to St. Augustine, who is recognized as an authority by most Englishmen, and who certainly was neither "a woman nor a fool."

St. Ambrose was anxious to find some relics for the altar of his new Basilica at Milan, and discovered the bodies of the Martyrs St. Protasius and St. Gervasius, which he translated thither. St. Augustine, describing the scene, says: "I was there. I was at Milan. I knew and saw the miracles done. God testified visibly to the power of His Saints. A blind man, very well known to the city, begged to be allowed to draw near and touch with his handkerchief the bodies of the martyrs, which, when he had done, he put it to his

eyes, and they were forthwith opened. He had been led there; he came back without a guide, rejoicing! The whole town knew of this miracle, and saw it with us. The man himself lived ever after in that Basilica, having dedicated himself at once to the service of God." And he goes on: "And if you ask: 'Why were these miracles wrought?' I reply: 'That the world, through them, might believe. For God, by performing miracles from the bodies of His Saints, furnishes a sure testimony that what is dead perishes not to Him, inasmuch as He adorns the ex-animate flesh with the effect of His divinity.'" And again: "Interrogate those who are cured by the martyrs, and learn to how many afflictions they vouchsafe remedies. The dust alone is seen; but the benefits to those who approach with faith are incalculable."

I will not multiply quotations or examples. That miracles have been wrought by Saints in all ages is my firm belief. That they are very rare *now* is, I believe, equally true, for "the love of many has waxed cold." It is said that an English lawyer was given some papers to look over regarding the miracles of a person who was supposed to have died in the odour of sanctity. He returned them, after having looked them over, saying: "Well, if all the histories of your Saints were as well authenticated as these appear to me to be, I should no longer disbelieve in miracles." The Cardinal, to whom he was giving back the papers, smiled, and said: "Well, we are not so credulous as you. We don't think the evidence strong enough, and therefore the case is rejected." To the accusation that relics are "absurdly multiplied," St. Gregory exclaims: "Well-nigh the whole earth is blessed with these hallowed remains. A little dust, a small portion of hair, a shred of rag, a stain of blood, was enough; for

the power of healing is not less in the particles than in the whole body."

It is not in vain, therefore, that such veneration is shown by the Church, God having so manifested His power to those that believe.

LIFE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. CONVERTS.

As to "life in the Church of England," which an Anglican Bishop once gave me as a proof of its being in the right, it is simply no proof at all. There is "life" among the Wesleyans and the Moravians and the Free Kirk. The missions of the first two are infinitely more successful than those of the Church of England. There is "life," terrible life and vitality and strength, in that horrible Mohammedan delusion which has been allowed by the mysterious design of Providence to overrun half Asia and Africa. Therefore *life* is no sign of *truth*. I am afraid I shall make my Anglican friends very angry if I express my conviction that, as far as their foreign missions are concerned, in spite of the vast machinery and resources at their command, the English Church is, in most cases, a failure. I can only judge by what I see and hear. Lady —— wrote to me from India the most melancholy letters on the subject; and she had the best opportunities for knowing the truth, and every bias to judge otherwise, had it been possible. From Australia I have similar accounts. I was myself a witness to their entire failure in Egypt and Syria. We breakfasted one morning at Mr ——'s, to meet an Abyssinian missionary; and Lord —— at last summoned up courage to ask him what success had attended his labours. He confessed that he did not think he had made more than one convert! Last year, in going from Alexandria to Jaffa,

we met the Catholic Bishop of Central Africa, who, with some black Priests, was going to Jerusalem for Easter. The centre of his diocese was Abyssinia, in which country he had lived and laboured for twenty years, founding schools and establishing missions in every direction, which had been blessed with great success. He told me that he always went *on foot* through his diocese (though he is past seventy), and lived in the native way, in the native huts. But this is foreign to my subject. Let anyone who wants the account of a Catholic mission read the life of St. Francis Xavier; or go to the Lebanon, and see what work is being done there.

I do not think you are likely to imagine that I for one moment doubt the work of God's Holy Spirit in the souls of those who remain in the Anglican Church. The doctrine of the Catholic Church is, "that no penitent soul can perish, and no one that loves God can be lost." Therefore, no doubt would be cast upon the reality of the work of grace in the Church of England by being convinced that her position is untenable and schismatical, and that her best and most earnest children will, some day, come to think so too. To those who, knowing no better, believe in her system, and act up to that belief (and there are thousands of such), God may supply all that is necessary to salvation. It is those who *doubt* who are not safe within her pale: still more, those who are as thoroughly convinced as I am of the truth of an opposite system—"for whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

You must not fancy either that I have deluded myself with the idea that I shall find "perfection" in the Church of Rome. The Church, as the expression of the Divine Voice, is *in itself perfect*; but its members are formed of human materials, and, as such, must partake of evil and imperfections. But on the principal points of faith I find in the Catholic Church an accord

which exists nowhere else. What is the state of the Church of England at this moment as to unity of doctrine, authority in teaching, and faith in the Divine Voice? Do the Bishops of Salisbury and Carlisle hold *one* view alike as regards the Sacraments? Are not the Articles framed purposely with ambiguity, so as to embrace at one and the same time Puritans and semi-Romanists? But the truth is *one.*

Mr —— implores me to look upon the Anglican as only "another portion" of the Catholic Church. If this be so, where is the sin of going to the "Roman portion"? If there be any sin in it, then the Church of England is not in the same unity and truth. A perfect aqueduct brings no water if the one arch which connects it with the spring-head be broken.

Again, a great deal is now said and hoped for by the Bishop of —— and others, about union with the Greek Church. I do not think that one who has been in the East can ever believe that this will come about; because our people, especially the middle class in England, are essentially Protestant, and the Greek Church is all that is most opposed to "Protestantism"; even more so than the Latin. The only possible point of union is hatred of the Pope; and that, you must allow, is a negative and not a positive view. Neither do I believe that the most eminent among the Greek Church are disposed to favour the idea of such a union. The Patriarch of Constantinople not only refused to receive the Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar *as such*, when I was there, but would not return his visit, in spite of a remonstrance from the English ambassador, looking upon him simply as a schismatic with no valid orders. Certainly, if the Bishop of —— goes there, as he proposes, to try and bring about this union, he must begin by burning his sermon on "Mariolatry"; for in no Church is there such a "cultus" of the Blessed Virgin as in the Greek.

It seems to me a dream to call a communion "Catholic," when one can neither appeal to any clear statement of Catholic doctrine in its formularies, nor interpret ambiguous formularies by the received and living Catholic sense, whether past or present. The Reformation destroyed the divine authority of the Church in England, and thus, by rendering all discipline impossible, has introduced the laxity, schism, and evils of a moral and practical kind, which all earnest thinking people mourn over in vain. Every one must feel that men of Catholic views are too truly a party in the English Church. I have myself heard a High-Church English clergyman say: "If our practices and belief were *known*, it would be impossible for us to remain here." Is this honest or straightforward? If they were really the views of the Church of England, would they be obliged to hide them?

I have heard Dr. Manning and his friends very much abused for the way in which they have what is called "turned round" upon the Church of England, their original mother, and been "more bitter" against her than old Roman Catholics themselves. As to "personal" bitterness, I know as a fact that it is entirely opposed to the temper of his (Dr. M.'s) mind; but as to believing in the Church of England as a "Branch of the Catholic Church," when it distinctly repudiates, or only partially holds, the most important articles of the Catholic Faith, not only Dr. Manning, but all Catholics must feel it to be impossible. When once Catholic truth has become a reality to one, the other disappears and becomes a mere "national institution," as Dr. Newman calls it.

I have always marvelled why it is that, either in politics or religion, a "*convert*" is held in such utter abhorrence * in England. Every one says: "If you had

* [This state of things happily no longer exists.]

been born and brought up so and so, it would have been another matter." "If Peel had been all his life a free-trader, I could have forgiven him," said a Derbyite to me only yesterday. "If you had been brought up a Roman Catholic, I could understand it," said —— to me two years ago; "but a *pervert* I can't abide." Must one, then, persist in what one feels is error, however overwhelming may be one's convictions? Must one all one's life *act a lie*? Is it not more noble, more honourable, more like an Englishman, to say openly before the whole world: "I believed so and so for a long time. I had been brought up in those views; by-and-by I began to doubt their truth. I now feel I was wrong; and whatever it may cost me, I will own it bravely?" I asked Mr. ——, the All Saints' preacher, why he was not satisfied to remain at All Saints, where, it appeared to me, he had everything which a Catholic mind could desire. He replied: "*Because it was not honest.*" This is exactly what I have felt for years.

But then the world exclaims: "Who are the converts to the Church of Rome? Weak and foolish persons: notoriously so. Silly women: girls whose heads are turned by the gewgaws and finery, and music and 'functions' of the gorgeous Roman ritual. Weak-minded young clergymen, whose Bishops won't allow them to wear Roman collars, or dress as monks, and play at Popery; or poor ignorant people who know no better; or great sinners, who think to cheat their consciences by joining a Church which allows them to sin with impunity, provided they come and confess it." Or if a man like Dr. Newman goes, of whom they cannot say such things, and whom they must allow to be more able than hardly any one in this generation, they take refuge in Mr. ——'s expression: "Misled by the idiosyncrasy of his genius." Or in Mr. ——'s of Dr. Manning: "Blinded by a dream of impossible unity."

Then follows the assertion of their consequent "deterioration of character"; they have "lost their sense of honour and of truth"; or else "they are restless, unhappy, and dissatisfied, and would come back if it were not for very shame," &c., &c. When will this sort of talk cease? When will Englishmen judge without preconceived prejudices?

The other day I opened an old *Westminster Review* of January, 1851, and lit upon the following words, certainly not written by a friendly hand. I see Dr. Newman was also struck with them, and has quoted them in one of his books:—

"Few, even of educated Englishmen, have any suspicion of the depth and solidity of the Catholic dogma; its wide and various adaptation to wants ineffaceable from the human heart; its wonderful fusion of the supernatural into the natural life; its powerful hold upon the conscience. It is not among the ignorant and vulgar, but among the intellectual and imaginative; not by appeals to the senses in worship, but by consistency and subtlety of thought, that, in our days, converts will be made to the Roman Church. When a thoughtful man, accustomed to defer to historical authority, and competent to estimate moral theories as a whole, is led to penetrate beneath the surface, he is unprepared for the sight of so much speculative grandeur; and, if he have been a mere Anglican or Lutheran, is perhaps surprised into the conclusion that the elder system has the advantage in philosophy and antiquity alike."

But I have done. I have written these papers that those who care for me may see that I have not hastily, nor without due care and study and deliberation, arrived at my present convictions. "You ought to be able to bring out what you feel and what you mean, as well as to feel and mean it," wrote Dr. Newman.

This is what I have tried to do in this summary of my faith. It is the fruit of two years' reading. I could have done it far better at home, for here I have scarcely any books of reference. But I made copious notes of every book I read bearing upon the subject in question, and these notes I have embodied here: at home I should have had no time to put them together; and besides, I very much wish not to delay any longer the expression of my convictions. I wish, above all things, not to appear to act a double part. Mr. ——, writing to me, exclaimed: "If you take this step, I shall not be able to cease from feeling love and gratitude towards you, but I can never *respect* you any more." Be it so. I accept the issue. I have often felt at ——, in the midst of the humiliation of over-praise with which I have been frequently surrounded: "Ah, my good people! if you knew the truth—if you knew the key-note of my life, you would despise me just as much as you now overvalue me."

And yet, when the time comes, and all look upon me with contempt, and sorrow, and distrust, and suspicion, I should like to be able to say to them: "Whatever, in former times, you thought in me worthy of esteem or love, I owe it to the Catholicity that was in me." What are tenderness of conscience, watchfulness over little sins, self-denial, devotion to others, but the realization of the continual presence of God, of the Confessional, of the "daily rule," which, thanks be to God, every Catholic is given to help him on his daily road from earth to heaven? It is not the idea of being "despised" which has kept me back, but the fear of giving pain to so many whom I love, and which I know is inevitable. My whole nature shrinks from it. I have had, too, all along the greatest dread of going by my own feelings, lest they should mislead me; and I feel, as Dr. Newman says in his *Apologia*, "that it is indeed a

heavy responsibility to act as I am doing," and that in the struggle "my heart and body and mind are fairly tired out." But my faith does not waver—never has wavered one moment since I was at Jerusalem. I do not think that any preference for the ritual of the Catholic Church, any charm in its services, any increased help that these services may give to the working of God's grace in one's soul, can justify one in leaving the Church where God's providence has placed one if one can believe in it. But the moment one has been led by God's Spirit to take in the real idea of a Church, one ceases to believe in the Anglican Establishment. It simply disappears from one's mind. People talk of the "Church of our Baptism." What Church is that but the Church of our baptismal creed, the one Holy Catholic Church? Our Baptism binds us to *this*, not to the Church of England, except so far as the Church of England is one with the Church Catholic. And if one feels that the Anglican Church is at variance with the Catholic Church, your very Baptism, as it appears to me, binds you to leave it.

I have for years been in the habit of reading every morning Dr. Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*; and I used often to be struck with the wonderful unity of doctrine and practice which was shown in those lives from the first century to the present. I could not help feeling that many things which I had been taught to look upon as "Roman innovations" had been believed by these men and women from the earliest times; and I had long ago come to the conclusion of Thomas à Kempis: "What Thy Saints believed, I believe; what they hoped, I hope for; and whither they are arrived, I trust that I also, through God's grace, shall arrive."

One assertion of my friends I emphatically deny: "that the fact of my conversion will spread widely the seeds of infidelity and scepticism." How can this be?

Do I believe less than I did before? Do I not, on the contrary, believe far more, realize far more the truths which before I only partially believed? This one thing is certain, that the letters of my Anglican friends have done me nothing but harm in *their* sense; for, as Dr. Newman again says, "they made me realize my own views to myself; made me see their consistency; assured me of my own deliberateness; suggested to me traces of a providential hand; took away the pain of disclosure, and relieved me of a heavy secret." In his words, therefore, I will conclude:—

"The truest expedience is to answer right out when you are asked; the best prudence is not to be a coward; the most damaging folly, to be found out shuffling; and the first of virtues is to tell the truth and shame the devil."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

THE PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC LAITY

An Address delivered at the Catholic Reunion of Birmingham, January 16, 1899

BY THE RIGHT REV.
JOHN CUTHBERT HEDLEY, O.S.B.,
Bishop of Newport.

There can be no doubt that among those influences which give strength and stability to the kingdom of God upon earth, one of the most essential is the active faith of the laity. It is all very well that the laity should be obedient and submissive; but there are two kinds of obedience, and two kinds of submission. There is the obedience which acquiesces and sits still; and there is the obedience which is loyally solicitous to do something. There is a type of submission which is timid, quiescent, or even sulky; and another type, a very different one, which frankly looks for opportunities to do whatever is to be done to further the good cause. The Church, by her pastors, has before all things to preserve the purity of the faith. Without the faith and without that Catholic instinct which faith creates, all the moral, social, political, and individual problems of a generation get wrongly focussed, inadequately apprehended, and rashly solved. It is much better to leave secular matters, and even ecclesiastical matters, in abeyance for a time, in apparent neglect, than to give in, to make compromises, to fail to bear clear witness, in those guiding and ruling truths of reason and revelation with which it is the glory of the Christian dispensation to have enriched the world. No man can get on with a journey if he consents to have his road broken up. No wise and philosophic intelligence will ever quarrel with the pastors of the Church merely because they seem to be standing still—because they seem to undervalue what some men are straining after—because they do not throw themselves into social, economic, or political contests—or even because they put the drag on movements which well-meaning men are pro-

claiming to be the remedy for all the world's ills and troubles. But when all this has been stated and agreed to, it has to be admitted that all the definitions of all the councils, and all the pastorals of all the hierarchies, will not, of themselves, secure the spread of the kingdom of God. Putting the clergy on one side, for it is not my part to speak to them here, I say that the laity must be alive, must move, must sacrifice themselves, if any strong or lasting effect is to be produced.

A Christian man has two aspects; in the building up of the kingdom, he is at once the material and the workman; it is he who is built into the fabric, and it is he who puts it together. No man has any right to be merely passive. There is an attitude of mind, not so very uncommon, which consists in leaving God's interests to the priest, and setting oneself steadily to the concerns of the world. Such a one will say, "I do not understand religious politics; I do not meddle with them. I am a Catholic, and I live in my religion, and bring up my family in it. But I must confess I do not care for the leading articles of Catholic newspapers; for the people who get up associations, works, and movements; for foreign Catholics; or, if I must confess it, for the pathetic language of my Bishop's pastorals—or even for the regularly recurring lamentations and denunciations of our Holy Father the Pope." This is the mind of a Catholic who is what I call passive. He may say his prayers—though even those will not be as full or as hearty as they might be. For example, how can he say "Thy kingdom come": say it, and mean it? But even if he says his prayers, it is quite plain that he is very deficient, very mistaken, and very mean-spirited, and the great Head of the Church, Christ, the founder of the Divine kingdom upon earth, requires more of a man than this. He cannot say I leave these things to the priests. The priests have a department which belongs to them. The sanctuary is the sanctuary; the pulpit is the pulpit. But there are wide provinces of work, in which priest and layman can and should work side by side—and also provinces where the layman must work by himself. Work of this kind may be as truly and really work for the Kingdom of God as the work of the pastorate. True, it does not touch spiritual things so closely

or so directly. But the dispensation of Christ—the inheritance of the Christians—is not confined to the spiritual, the invisible. The spiritual grace has a physical embodiment. The invisible power of God moves a multitude of corporeal springs. The hidden kingdom can be made or marred by the words, the deeds, the institutions, the laws, and the manners, which make up the perpetual activity of a world of visible humanity. It is one of the great heresies of the modern world to deny the visibility of the Kingdom of Christ. We, on the contrary, hold most clearly and firmly that, although it is not *of* this world, it is most unmistakably *in* this world. It touches every point of the world; it shoulders its way in wherever the world is gathered; it is not desirous to keep low or to bate its breath; it is not very anxious for peace, because the very noise of battle draws men's eyes towards it, and resistance enhances life and vigour; it sometimes divides families and breaks up communities; and it takes a path of its own right across those laborious combinations which men call political party. Hence it is that no man can escape one of two alternatives; he must either fight for, or fight against it. He that gathereth not—he cannot keep his hands in his pocket—he scattereth.

All this is elementary to a Catholic. But there are some consequences of a view of this kind which are by no means so readily seen or admitted. The truth is that most of the evil that has fallen upon the Church during the course of her earthly pilgrimage lies at the door of a base and selfish laity. Yes, you may blame the clergy; you may point at worldly Bishops, you may even make out bad Popes; but the clergy in every century all the world over have sprung from the laity; they have been the sons and the brothers of the generation in which they lived; their special training ought, no doubt, to have done something for them, and indeed it often did a very great deal with uncommonly poor materials; but you cannot easily make oak furniture out of common fir, or china plates out of the clay of the brickfield; the clergy of every age have something in them which is the ground and foundation of character and temper, and it is the same ground and foundation as you find in the families from which they spring. Now it seems to me there is one special temperament which the clergy acquire

with peculiar facility from their origin and their lay surroundings—I mean worldliness. This was what I referred to just now when I spoke of the base and selfish laity. For worldliness means the badly-controlled impulse to make one's self at home in this world; the absence of desire for the spiritual or the eternal; ambition, greed, enjoyment, and kindred vices. Do not be afraid. I am not going to glide into a sermon. I am not going to give a catalogue of those sinful failings to which mortal flesh is liable. I am confining myself to a single line of evil—to a marked and distinct temper of shortcoming. It is a curious thing that worldliness by no means implies a long or black list of evil qualities. It has a peculiar facility for going hand in hand with virtue. You see worldliness that is humble—that yields, that takes a lower place, that sincerely thinks itself feeble and second-rate. There is, again, a subtle but common worldliness which is really detached from the vulgar aspirations of the worldling; which is high-minded, unambitious, and contented. There is a worldliness which is generous to the poor. There is a worldliness which is so extremely respectable that no breath of scandal ever ruffles the tranquil tenour of its way. There is a church-going worldliness, there is a worldliness which is absolutely pious, nay, even nervously anxious about the saving of its soul and its prospective lot in the world to come. But there is one note that distinguishes it beyond the possibility of mistake. It is always more or less indifferent to the well-being of the Kingdom of God on earth. That Kingdom — with its head, the Sovereign Pontiff, its hierarchy, its institutions, its rights, its struggles, its successes, its misfortunes is, to this temper of mind, like a foreign land. It is a kingdom that you need not trouble your head about—just like the continental nations are to the traditional John Bull, who sits complacently at home, surrounded by the rampart of his seas, and lazily reads in his newspapers of the troubles, the altercations, and the revolutions of Europe—full of the gratifying feeling that they cannot to any great extent affect him. The worldly man cannot help hearing or reading about his Church—although it is a never-failing source of amazement that so many of our people, who are fairly informed of the world's vicissitudes, show themselves,

every now and then, so utterly unacquainted with the facts, the laws, and the spirit of their own Catholicism. But they read with little concern, like people read of an earthquake in Central America. A slight emotion of wonder, a languid curiosity, cold criticism, and general vagueness—it is thus that the worldly Catholic treats the most vital of all his interests. And this is worldliness from its most favourable side—for unfortunately it cannot be denied that it often actively allies itself with the enemy, and for selfish motives absolutely promotes or permits the powers of the world to oppress the Church and to harass the Kingdom of Christ.

I believe that we can trace this base and cowardly spirit of the Catholic laity in every great disaster that has fallen upon the Church of God in the course of history. Other causes must not be ignored. But this one has in almost every case been conspicuously present. For example, I suppose the Tudor despotism was made possible and fostered by the subservience of the laity. The Act of Parliament, passed in 1539, enacting, under pain of fine and imprisonment at the King's pleasure, that the royal proclamations should have the force of law, delivered the Church into the hand of the spoiler. The quiescence of the laity of the South of England made the Elizabethan policy successful. During all that time the laity had no real animus against the Church; but they preferred a quiet life, and heads firmly fixed on their shoulders, to lawful opposition. The French revolution was possible through a rotten and degraded laity. The laity became possessed of the property of the Church by the institution of *commendam*; they filled the bishoprics with men who, in many instances, were only tonsured laymen, untrained and unsanctified; they adopted the sneerer Voltaire and the pagan philosopher Rosseau; they uttered no protest against the despotism and corruption of their kings or the oppression of the poor; and the great Revolution came. There are other instances of a similar kind: but these will serve to illustrate what I mean, viz., that it is not so much the weakness of the clergy, or mere sin, or war, or plague that has so often brought stupendous evil on the Kingdom of God, but the supineness, the cowardice, the indifference of a laity who, had they taken counsel and stood firm

and showed their teeth, might, over and over again, have stopped the beginnings of troubles which afterwards grew to such tremendous proportions. And what has been said of the cause and origin of absolutism, as under the Tudors and the Bourbons, may with equal truth be said of the sources of that militant anti-Catholic movement from which we have to suffer in our day. It is because the laity of France, Spain, Italy—the professional classes, the merchants, the traders, the bankers, the artisans, and the labourers—were bent on making money, and refused to concern themselves with any issues outside their own estate, their own *ménage*, their own shop, their own cash-books, their own recreations, their own narrow round of social life, that they let the wild poets, the needy politicians, the noisy patriots, the astute lawyers of their respective countries get the reins, and the keys, and the strong machinery of the modern state into their hands. I do not believe that the vast majority have had any active hostility to the Church. It may have been otherwise here or there, for various reasons; but in the Latin races the bulk of the people have, as a rule, acquiesced in the Church; the misfortune is that they have also acquiesced in its ill-treatment. The present Pontiff, in his well-known Encyclical *Sapientiæ Christianæ* of January 10, 1890, on the "Duties of Christian Citizenship," says in one passage that he will not stop to inquire how far the present state of Europe is owing to what he calls the "supineness and dissensions of Catholics," but, he says, it is quite certain that the prevailing scoundrelism would have succeeded worse and destroyed far less had the faith of the majority been of a more *robust* description.

But the past, although it has lessons which we cannot afford to overlook or forget, is less interesting to us than the present. What is to be said about the laity—the Catholic laity—of our own epoch, and of this country in which we live? Certainly, as far as I am concerned, all that is good, all that is honourable. I believe that the Catholic laity of our dioceses has so far learnt its duty that it is at least agreed on principles. If you follow with attention the public utterances of the present Pope, addressed to foreign Catholics, you will see that he is perpetually insisting on two things—I mean as regards public duties. The first is, that the laity, like all

Catholics, should recognize that the Church stands on the same footing—not to say on a higher footing—as a man's own country or native land. It is an obligation on us, he says, to treat the Church as a Mother, to serve her as we would serve the country we belong to. Both the one and the other he calls "patria"—"ambas patrias." They are both the native land, the fatherland, of the Christian. Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, Frenchman, German, or Italian, you may be proud of your country, you may love her, you may be glad to do her service, but you must also be proud of your Church and your religion; your Church and your religion have an equal claim with your country to your efforts and services; nay, if there is a conflict or an incompatibility, the Kingdom of Christ takes precedence of even that earthly State which is also of Divine institution. This principle we understand; it was this principle on which our fathers acted, and that for which so many of them died.

The other principle laid down by our Holy Father is that the laity, in their exertions on behalf of the Church, should take their direction from the pastorate of the Church. The frequency with which Leo XIII. insists on this, points to a state of things which is only slightly known here—to political bargains, dynastic divisions, Socialistic theories, and theological liberalism. For our own part, I take it that the laity in this country both accurately comprehend and willingly follow such a rule as this. It is a rule, however, that can never at any time or place be entirely obsolete. If we take the four great objects on which, in this country, the laity are called upon to work for the Kingdom of God—education, the poor-law, rescue, and the prevention of loss of Faith—it is evident that there enters into the practical treatment of each of them theological questions which, naturally, no layman can undertake to solve. What can we accept, for example, in the shape of a compromise from the Government, the Guardians, the School Board? What is essential, and what is a matter for arrangement? How far is it compatible with keeping the Faith pure to join hands with non-Catholic societies? Such questions have to be answered by the Church's pastors. And this is well understood by the laity of this country.

These axioms, or maxims, being pre-supposed, I may

say that there are five departments or provinces in which a layman may be called upon to help in the good cause of religion. The first I call the Priest; the second, the Board; the third, the Club; the fourth, the Press; the fifth, the Purse.

First, the Priest. We must remember that, in this country, the priest, in most missions, is obliged to be not only priest, but the organizer of everything. He has not only to perform the sacred offices of the holy Liturgy, to instruct, and to hear confessions, but to beg his own bread, to keep a roof on his church, to provide for the decorum of God's house, to visit and relieve his poor, to seek out the children, to find means for his schools, to conciliate or to fight the public bodies and the non-Catholic world in general, to keep hold of the young people of both sexes by clubs and guilds, and to visit and watch half-a-dozen public institutions. Such are our clergy in this country. Human nature is human nature, and there are few priests amongst us all who have not defects which it does not require any strong magnifying power to discover. But it is confessed by all that, as a body, they have these things to do, and that they fairly do them. As that is so, is there any layman, worthy of the name of Catholic, who will refuse to give his priest his sympathy? Sympathy is no slight thing. Laymen should sympathize. They should force themselves to see how good a work is being done. They should put themselves in the priest's position, and try to see things as they are. They should oblige themselves to take a view which is adequate, comprehensive, just to the priest. They should at least generously recognize his burdens and his labours. Then they should be considerate. A priest is not an angel, nor is he Solomon and St. Vincent de Paul combined. If some things do not get done, if there are shortcomings, if there is temper, before the layman growls, or criticises, or condemns, or delates, let him be considerate. Further, let the layman be loyal and ready. Let him be prepared to take trouble, to put his own feelings on one side, and to place himself at the priest's service. And let him not spoil his loyalty by the spirit of dictation or huffiness. All priests want lay help. But some laymen are mere grumblers, others are too selfish, others

are what is called "impossible." There is no exercise of brotherly love so meritorious as genuine love of one's pastor; no work of self-denial so needful as the drill and self-control which enables a man to work with his priest; and no wisdom or philosophy so noble and high-minded as that lofty view by which a gentleman overlooks small drawbacks in order to be of some use in promoting the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Next, the Board. By the Board I mean any local public body in whose hands are to any extent the interests of the Catholic flock. On these Boards we want Catholics. We want men who can spare the time. We do not want a man to damage or neglect his own business; a Catholic can hardly help the cause better than by succeeding in business. But we want men who will strain their sinews a little to work both for themselves and the public Catholic good. We are not asking for spouters or swashbucklers, but for conciliatory men who can be firm; men who will take their share in the general business of a Board and practically demonstrate the right of Catholics to equality of treatment by working as hard as their non-Catholic colleagues; men who will never fight merely for fighting's sake, but always prefer quiet arrangement and peaceful conciliation. I would not be understood to imply that a little hard-hitting is not, at times, both needful and successful. A man has to let his public see that he is in earnest. But nothing demands greater discretion than the use of sharp words. Give me the Catholic member who is ever at his post, who is quiet but ready, who is dignified but knows how to say the word that is wanted, who suppresses his own personality, who restrains his tongue from mere bitterness, and who carries his point without leaving a legacy of hostility and distrust which may cost his cause far more in the long run than they can win for it at the moment.

Next comes the Club. The club may be defined, any association of Catholics with one another for distinctively Catholic purposes. In this description are included a wide range of bodies, from the Catholic Union of Great Britain to the drum and fife band of a collier's village. I am inclined to advocate strongly the formation of clubs or associations. First, the joining hands with another man is for many of us the first step in that self-suppres-

sion, or self-sacrifice, which is the essential form and soul of all work for Catholicism. Next, to get a man to associate himself with others is to give him a wider outlook, to quicken his perceptions, to stir him up to activity and emulation. The non-associated Catholic is like one of those shepherds on the Borders who live for long periods of time with no company but their sheep. The interests of the community concern them not. The merely *negative* advantages of a club are many. You may have noticed how persistently the present Pope urges on continental Catholics the formation of associations for working men and others. The reason is clear. If a Catholic has not Catholic clubs, he will find non-Catholic ones—and evil ones—such as ultra-liberal, socialistic, irreligious, atheistic clubs. But, whether or no, it is of great profit to all of us to be recreated, helped, instructed, in a rational and unexceptionable way, rather than to be left to drift to any sort of pleasure, any sort of companionship. For our young people, it is certain, that if you can only get them, on any pretence, to come round the church door—whether it be in a football or cricket club, a band, or a debating society—if you can get them into a reading-room, or even a billiard or smoking room of the right sort—you have a chance, an opportunity, which you never would have had otherwise, of getting at them in matters more important. It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the *positive* good work that a Catholic club or union may do, in the work of registration, in elections, in the material advancement of the mission, in charitable relief, in carrying on homes and orphanages, and lending its organized labour to the many projects which a devoted pastor is always setting on foot. The Catholic club, whatever its direct, immediate, or ostensible object, is indirectly the safeguard of the Faith. As it is, the Catholic club is generally promoted by the priest, almost single-handed. Our better educated and learned laymen too often stand aloof. There are two principal reasons for this. The first has to do with a certain phase of politics—as to which I will only say that I recognize how thorny and troublesome it is, and trust that mutual good feeling will do more and more as time goes on to minimize dissension. The other is the essential nature of a club—which is, that the members be, more or less, of the same

social standing. But that difficulty is only a difficulty after all, and not a fatal obstacle. What can be more worthy of a Catholic layman, whatever his culture or his position, than to study how to be useful without being offensively condescending, and how to mix with other men on the footing of a common Catholicism, and, I will add, of a common humanity? Depend upon it, the solution of one of our pressing social questions lies in this: that those who have more money, more education, more refinement, should find out how to talk to working men, and how to use their own advantages for the sake of working men, without looking down on them. I say they should use their advantages; for it is comparatively easy to associate with anybody if you bring yourself to his level. But the point is to associate honestly and yet to elevate. When the dark torrent of the Rhone enters the lake of Geneva it mingles with the blue waters of the lake, and losing by degrees the earth which it has gathered from the soil, passes out as bright, and clear, and blue as the great lake itself. So that which is best in a Catholic laity should transform and purify those who form that majority which has to do without this world's advantages, and should seek for the secret of equality—a secret which is to be found, not in a low level of roughness and prejudice, but in a raised condition of greater reasonableness and of higher aspirations.

It would be impossible on this occasion to say one-hundredth part of what might be said of the Catholic layman in relation to the Press. But I do want to say this: The printing-press is nearly the greatest power of the age. From the Press, Catholicism suffers indefinitely more than even from bad and wicked laws. By the Press we must make our damage good—and more. As our Holy Father says, we must oppose writing by writing —*scripta scriptis*. But the problem at this day is, not to print, but to get ourselves read. Not to be read leads not only to failure, but to financial disaster, and, to ward off this, there is a great temptation to condescend to undesirable methods of catching readers. This, then, is what I want to say—that hardly any layman deserves as well of his cause as he who uses his intelligence and his means to make Catholic books and periodicals pay. Now, this points to combination; so we are once more

brought back to the absolute need, in our laity, of those qualities of self-restraint, zeal, and tact, which alone make combination possible. I will not touch on any practical or burning subjects. It may or may not be true that we want a strong Catholic daily paper, or that we should be the better of a really solid and big syndicate, founded on business principles, for the publication and spread of Catholic books, or that more subscribers are required for the Catholic Truth Society. Such things, such enterprises, arise from circumstances, and cannot well be made part of a programme. But, big or little, our printing ventures must be the laity's interest, the laity's study, the laity's fostering, and any jealousy, inertness, or stupidity that checks our Catholic Press must always be a deplorable misfortune to the Catholic body.

I have named as the last of my five heads the Purse. But the purse would appear to be hardly a mere head; it is rather head, body, limbs, and everything. This is true, in a sense; you cannot help any good cause without spending money. Hence, as regards my subject to-night, it has come to be regarded in some quarters as the whole duty of a Catholic layman, and his proudest privilege, to be allowed to entrust money to the priest to spend. But this is an exaggerated, and indeed satirical, view. For I will make bold to say that no priest in the country would maintain it for a moment. I would not like to deny that one or two of our cloth, here and there, may be bitten with it. But by far the greater majority, when they have had a few years' experience, throw it off. The truth is, although money well used will do a great deal indirectly for the spiritual Kingdom, there are many most essential things that it cannot do. The seed of God's Kingdom is watered and fertilized, not by coin, but by personal devotedness. As a force in subduing the world to God, money, unless it is the expression of a soul's true zeal, is barren—and one has only to open one's eyes to see that it is. There are fine church buildings and endowments in this country which have existed for fifty years, or for a century, and for all the effect they have had they might be jungle-choked ruins in South America. There are, on the other hand, numberless examples of self-sacrificing labour, begun on a small scale, continued from one generation to another,

where flocks have grown and souls have been gathered to the harvest. We are, in my opinion, all of us inclined to overlook this. The immediate possession of money brings oftentimes so much relief—it gives such a sense of well-being –it furnishes such well-sounding paragraphs to the papers, that we forget the importance of other things. But the old story that a coin, unless it be hallowed and blessed, is "apt to turn into a withered leaf in your coffers," points to a true moral. To a priest, nothing can be more lamentable and forlorn than that the good and monied men of his flock, although their subscriptions are fairly abundant, yet should be either out of the Church, or indifferent to the parish work, or ignorant of Catholic things, or strangers to the interests, the glories, and the struggles of the Church throughout the great world at large. What he wants is that they should love their altar, should come about their pastor — should give the work of their hands and the wisdom of their heads—and that when they offer their gifts, it should be not merely by a messenger, by a cheque, by the post, by the collector, but with the pains of personal service, with journeying, with inquiring, and with endurance—and with the bending of the knee before Him Who alone can make them fruitful.

Our Holy Father said, four years ago, "Catholicos laicos otiosos esse non permittimus." "I forbid the Catholic laity to be unemployed" (*Letter to the Bishop of Tarragona*, 10th Dec. 1894). There were three things, he said, which religion wanted them to give: "Tempo, zelo, e sostanze"—time, zeal, and substance. (*To the Italians*, 17th Feb. 1893.) This is what he has been preaching and exhorting for twenty years. Two years ago, almost on this very day, he said that it seemed to him there had really been a reawakening of Christianity—a "risveglio di sensi Cristiani." I would fain think there has. Wherever we look throughout Europe we seem to find evidences of a keener interest and more determined action on the part of the laity. Three years ago I happened to be present in Rome, in the great Church of the Gesù, at the interesting celebration of the silver jubilee of the society which is called *Società Primaria degli Interessi Cattolici*—the Primary Society for Promoting Catholic Interests. The Church was

crowded, and Monsignor Radini Tedeschi delivered a most stirring and eloquent address. That society of Roman laymen dated its birth from immediately after the entrance of the Piedmontese into Rome. It is by no means the only society—I do not think it was even the first—which sprang up under the shadow of the Vatican with the object of preserving the Catholic life of Rome against secularism, infidelity, and vice. In confederation with it there exist at this moment numerous clubs, unions, associations, leagues, and works. I have never met with a better description of a Catholic union than is given in the "Invito," or invitation to join the Catholic Club of Rome. The object of that club is declared to be "to establish a centre around which Catholic Romans may gather for the purpose of reunion, of getting to know one another, of showing what they are, of understanding one another, of organizing themselves, and of concerting measures for uniform action" ("All' effetto di riunirsi, conoscersi, manifestarsi, intendersi, regolarsi e concertarsi sui modi di procedere concordi e uniformi"). And during all the years that have elapsed since Pius IX. became a prisoner, to this day when Pope Leo, each Christmas, renews his protests, these good Roman laymen have worked at education, at the municipal elections, at the sanctification of the Sunday, at first Communions and Catechisms, at the help of the poor, at economical kitchens, at public dormitories, at the recreation and amelioration of the poorer working people, at pilgrimages, at centenaries, at Papal jubilees, and in every department of Catholic life. The Società Primaria has affiliations with kindred objects all over Europe. I know there is one in Dublin. I am not sure whether there are any in England.

Still England—or rather the Catholic laity of the country—has by no means been supine. We have the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and numerous Young Men's Societies. If we look to London we find the Catholic Union, we find the Catholic Social Union, established by Cardinal Vaughan to enlist the *personal service* of the laity on behalf of the East-end of London; we find the Catholic Association; we see laymen doing a great part of the work needed for the support and promotion of Mill Hill Foreign Missionary College, of the Catholic

Truth Society, and of the Converts' Aid Society. We find them willingly serving on Boards of temporalities, on School Boards, on Poor-Law and Industrial Schools. We find, south of the Thames, the Catholic League of South London, a strong and active body, who are doing splendid work in the important matter of Registration, and who, at the polls for the School Board, have converted defeat into victory. We find the Catholic Guardians' Association. We find also the young and generous efforts of Newman House in the establishment of clubs for boys and men, and as an example of effective club premises on a large scale I would point to the new St George's Club, near St George's Cathedral, established and supported by the joint efforts of the clergy and Newman House. In the diocese of Liverpool, again, I happen to know that there are and have been laymen who are beyond all praise. I will venture to name Mr Richard Yates, who died two years ago—a gentleman who for more than a quarter of a century devoted himself to Catholic work. But in all the English dioceses there is good and solid work carried on by the laity for the sake of the Kingdom of Christ.

Let me venture, in conclusion, to say one word of Birmingham. Between sixty and seventy years ago, before most of us were born, or at least before we could articulately express our views on the rights and duties of laymen, there was a *Catholic Magazine* written and published in Birmingham, and it is recorded in that magazine that London—even London—had shown itself jealous of the qualities of Birmingham Catholics, notably as exhibited in that enterprise. Since that time, when Birmingham may be said to have shown the way to English Catholics, the laity of the town and district—as far as a comparative stranger may be allowed to pass an opinion—have shown themselves trustworthy, steady, and successful. I believe I may say that it is especially in those very important matters which concern the administration of the Poor-law that their labours have borne fruit—and I have more than once heard Bishop Ullathorne—not, of course, speaking of the laity exclusively — congratulate himself, not only on this success, but on the quiet, conciliatory, and business-like way in which it had been brought about. And now I

hold in my hand the manual of the rules and the personnel of the Birmingham Catholic Association. I find here thirteen large town parishes, each with its priest at its head, and its laymen, good and true men, as officers and committee, and all banded together in one grand Union, which will be able to speak and to act with the whole weight of a great Catholic community behind it. Whilst excluding party politics, I find that its objects are, briefly, registration, public Boards, public institutions in their connection with the poor and with children, material help to the missions, and fellowship among all the Catholics of the town. It is an association which cannot be used for any cause except the common cause of Catholicism. It is an association which carries with it no menace to anybody. You are not banded against your fellow-citizens, much less against the country at large. You are prepared to take advantage of your country's laws—and, if necessary, to agitate constitutionally for the repeal of obnoxious laws. But you do not want to shirk one single civic duty, to throw off one single social burden, or to encroach by a hair's breadth on the liberty of a single fellow-townsman. Nay, your association will smooth the ruggedness of controversy and diminish the jarring of strife, by forcing agitation into rational and lawful channels, and by curbing the rashness and the exuberance of individual champions. As concerns yourselves, the Catholics of Birmingham, it should reinforce and stimulate your Catholic thought, your Catholic views, your Catholic life. May it flourish! I venture to pronounce a good and prosperous augury over it to-night. I seem to foresee concord, unity, wisdom, victory. I have a vision of something like that old Homeric onslaught, "Shield to shield, helm to helm, man to man" (Iliad, xiii., 131). I pray that long after we who meet to-night have been called away, the spirit, if not the embodiment, of such a union may subsist, in the brotherly feeling, the living faith, and the chivalrous devotion which will be the inheritance of the Catholics of Birmingham; and if other towns and communities are inspired by your spirit, and copy your example, I shall rejoice in the Church's gain, and in the spread of the solid principles of Catholic success.

CELIBACY

By C. KEGAN PAUL

When Gregory VII. enforced the celibacy of the clergy in 1072, he gave utterance to no dogma, but made a decree for the governance of the Church, which a succeeding Pope might, if he pleased, abrogate or suspend. He was not likely to forget the fact, asserted by the Anglican Prayer Book in a triumphant parenthesis, that St. Peter was himself a married man, though it would not have seemed as necessary to him to proclaim this on the housetops, as it was to the Church of Cranmer. Nor has the Church of any succeeding ages attempted to make the rule absolute. The Uniate Greeks still retain their married clergy, and in the discussions which have from time to time taken place on Anglican Orders, the possibility has ever been present to the minds of theologians that if, which was not very likely, Rome should declare those Orders valid, it would not necessarily follow that those Anglican clergy who submitted to Papal authority must put away their wives.

There are other matters of great importance unconcerned with dogma, and a reference to one of these may serve to illustrate the case of the celibacy of the clergy. The Last Supper was also the First Mass. It was celebrated at night, and administered in both kinds. That it should be

received fasting, therefore, in the morning, and that reception in one kind should suffice as following from the dogma, are of Church ordinance, which might be revoked, and are subject to exceptions. Holy Communion, if given as Viaticum, may be received at any hour and without previous fasting. Again, when the Holy Father gives permission for a midnight Communion at Christmas, it lies with him to say from what hour the previous fast shall extend, the ordinary length of fast being from midnight till 5.30 or later. But it is, at a midnight Communion, reduced to four hours abstinence from food, or even less.

Then, as to Communion in one kind, though that alone is needful, according to the dogma that Christ, whole and indivisible, is received under the species of Bread; for greater pomp and dignity, It may be administered in both kinds, to a monarch at his coronation, to the deacon and subdeacon at a solemn Papal Mass. Whereas again none but consecrated hands may, as a rule, touch the consecrated Species, which the priest himself places in the mouth of the communicant, this usage may be suspended in the hour of danger, so that Mary of Scotland had permission to wear about her person a locket containing It and to administer Viaticum to herself. So tender and loving is the Church, so elastic her rules, when ecclesiastical custom only is concerned, and not dogma, which is the unchanging truth of God.

There is this essential difference between a dogma and a custom: a dogma is revealed by God, and has to be accepted as and because revealed by Him, whether it be or be not discoverable in part by human reason. Reason may help us to understand dogma, but it can give no additional sanction to that which is in itself propounded by Him who is all-powerful and all-wise. An ecclesiastical custom is one which has been in the first place introduced by man, and then sanctioned by supreme authority. When so ratified it is as binding as doctrine within its limits and

with its exceptions, remembering that the one is unchangeable as God, the other arising out of man's need, and therefore changeable as man's needs vary. It may, however, be laid down as all but axiomatic that human discovery does not return on its course. Nothing is less probable than that the Eucharist should in future be administered as a rule in two kinds, to those who have broken their fast, or in the afternoon, that the Church will be served by a married priesthood, that any such concessions will be made by Rome as to admit the entrance into her pale of any large numbers at once. We will consider one point only which is now and then attacked—the celibacy of the clergy, that we may see whether those who attack it have any really successful arguments to oppose to it.

There can be no question that two principles contended for mastery in the primitive Church: the inherent sanctity of marriage, which was raised into a sacrament of the Church, the still greater holiness of the celibate life, decreed under the Gospel as a Counsel of Perfection for those who are able to receive it. No doubt under the Old Law there were virgins who consecrated themselves to God, as the daughter of Jephtha, but the celibate life was an accident, and not an essential part of holiness: it was a penitential privation rather than a higher privilege; the maidens went year by year to lament their virginity; it was not even a part of the Nazarite vows, for Samson was twice married.

It was reserved for St. John the Baptist that he should be the first Hermit of the Desert, and for our Lady that she should be the first consecrated nun, though living ostensibly the life of a Jewish woman in the world. Then first was seen the supernatural virtue of purity, and the development of the human consciousness sprang up to greet the new type of human dignity. Evolution played its part in the spiritual life, and the Church stamped the development with its own seal. And as it has been reserved to certain physiologists of these later days to justify

and even extol the lower nature which they conceive man to have risen out of, but not to have laid aside, so in these days have heretics dared to deny the eternal Virginity of Mary, and have declared that they found the true type of womanhood in her supposed bearing of children to Joseph, rather than in her virgin conception of the Eternal Word; and of manhood, not in St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Joseph, but rather in the domestic life of the Patriarchs, or the married priesthood of the Jewish Church.

Long before St. Gregory made the rule of celibacy absolute on the Church, the sporadic usage of the early centuries had become all but universal, and this for reasons easy to understand. The position of woman had been increasingly raised in the Jewish Church. The wives of patriarchs and kings had often claimed an equality with, at times even manifested a superiority to, their husbands, though there is no lack of signs that the Oriental seclusion of the harem attempted to assert itself among the Israelites. But it had not done so, and the fact that women shared their husbands' interests made a sacerdotal caste in the Church necessary, in which women could have no part. The Sacrament of Penance would of itself require a celibate and lonely priesthood, for even with no intention of betraying confidences a man reveals involuntarily the secrets of others to those with whom he lives much. The greater the share which any good wife takes in her husband's work the more does she discover what is in his mind, and read his thoughts about others, even when she does not agree with them. Nor is it possible that those who are much together and in sympathy with each other should constantly discuss abstract questions. So soon as personal matters come into conversation it is not possible but that hints, however veiled, should be given, and revelations implicitly if not explicitly made. Indeed, when considered from the merely human side, it might be well that the

freedom from ties of relationship should be extended beyond the priesthood. The school-master and the physician would be the better if they were able to say, with St. Paul, that the unmarried were solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how they may please God, and not solicitous for the things of the world, how to please their wives, and so be divided. To the one his boys, to the other his patients, should be the first care, and the principle is just as applicable to the other sex, now that the care of the sick is more and more in the hands of women, and the higher learning within the reach of girls. In the middle ages the teaching and healing professions were entrusted to clerics and monks, already vowed to celibacy, and therefore, as by accident, the very principle for which we contend was carried out and ratified by the conscience of mankind. So a rule of the Church grew up which even in these laxer days is maintained as far as the clergy are concerned, nor is it likely to be laid aside by those who rightly grasp the principles of a Church and a sacerdotal caste.

As might be anticipated, two consequences have followed from the Church's rule. (1) It has had its imitators outside her pale: while (2) those who disregard it have wandered into heresy of doctrine in abandoning a salutary ordinance.

1. It has had imitators beyond the pale. These have been, as is natural, in the Anglican Establishment, which has imitated the Roman Church when it has dared, wherever accident may have brought a true principle accidentally to the front, and in despite of its Protestant principles. Thus, many years since, a very able series of letters were written to Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, by the Rev. Frank Simmons, from New Zealand, and published in the *Guardian*, to the effect that if Anglican Missions were to be of any avail they must be carried on, under a rule like that of St. Francis, by celibates who would work with the workers,

share their hardships and privations, among which, in each new settlement, must be the abandonment of family life. So also many have felt that if Anglicanism at home is to touch the very poor and the most degraded of our population, it must be by colleges of clergy living and working together, actuated by a higher and a different ideal than those to whom they minister, scorning delights even in the leisure moments of their laborious days. They have imitated the Roman clergy in this as in fasting, but in both cases, while there has been much genuine self-denial, there has been no rule, and the very principle itself has been adopted or abandoned by the individuals. When Luther married a nun, he outraged the conscience of Christendom; but Anglican ministers have married Anglican Sisters, pledged to celibacy, but not vowed to it, since there was none to receive the vow, and no word of protest has been heard: each was as free to take a wife or a husband as to take flesh-meat on Good Friday. No doubt there are a few who would smile cynically at this weakness of human nature; but there are none who would look on it as the betrayal of a sacrament, the treading a lower way, or would regard it as the persistence in a sanctioned evil far worse than any casual breach of the law of chastity, which may be absolved and repaired. A celibate priest, however he may add sacrilege to the breach of his vow, may repent and put his sin behind him for ever; but a married priest finds himself in the dilemma of Lancelot, who has exchanged a vow for a vow, and finds that "a faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

2. Imitators of Roman clergy are, however, confined to Anglicans, who can cease to imitate without causing scandal; the various Protestant sects are rather inclined to make a married clergy the rule, and consider its rare exceptions even dangerous. The sects which engage in missionary work directly encourage a married ministry by making provisions for a missionary's wife and children,

even granting additional subsidies in aid of each child born on the mission; while those who know how stringent is the effect of chapel gossip on younger ministers (and even within the establishment), know also how almost impossible it is for them to escape the scandal attacking young unmarried clergy and the other sex. Even of a celibate clergy Thomas à Kempis thought it well to write: *Ne sis familiaris alicui mulieri*; nor can this be correctly rendered as by Bishop Challoner, "Be not familiar with any woman," since it was implied in a monk's vow that he should avoid all such familiarity. It is rather, "Be not a friend to any one woman, be not entangled with this or that penitent, this or that devout lady," and the counsel is more needed in the relations existing without the safeguard of religious and priestly vows. The life of obligatory celibacy is just what they fear, though if we seek the unsavoury details of our criminal and police courts, we find that more cases involving the married than the celibate clergy are found therein.

A minister of a Protestant sect told me not long since how a lady called on him in deep distress to ask his spiritual counsel. He soon became aware that the subject-matter was infidelity to her husband. "Of course," he said, "it was impossible for me to listen to such a confidence, and I managed to dismiss her with the assurance that I could be of no use to her." Now imagine the state of a man, believing himself in any sense a priest of God, who would send away such a poor soul uncomforted in mind, if he could only give such comfort as a father would give his daughter! Imagine the despair of the sufferer, who expected a disciple of the Master at least to say, "Hath no man condemned thee, neither will I condemn thee; go now, and sin no more." But such a minister falls at once into the heresy of a formal denial of forgiveness, even if he does not believe he has the power to proclaim God's absolution of sins. Who shall say where denial stops, when

once a truth of God, or even an ordinance of the Church, is denied? He that is guilty in one point may soon find himself guilty of all.

Till very recently, since the Reformation, the countries touched by that heresy have had no outlet for the superfluous energy of their sons and daughters. That every young man was bound to the married state, or suspected of living a wanton life, was the ordinary code of the world; that every young woman must make herself attractive to men with a view to wifehood and motherhood was the creed in which daughters were educated. Only of late years have young women of good birth and breeding found it possible to become doctors, nurses, secretaries, mistresses of day-schools, copyists, and to say publicly that these avocations suit them better than the life of married women, or of supernumerary daughters at home. But even if some of these callings might well be combined with a religious profession, there are many who dislike the prominence which others give to unmarried women, and see with satisfaction, over and above that of religious conviction, the spread of Sisterhoods in England, giving to so many women the gratification of a spiritual life, for which there were, before the Reformation, so abundant facilities. So too the priesthood and monachism afforded to many young, ardent, and devoted souls a means of trying whether they indeed were fit for the celibate state, and a career for those who were so fit. But the world, which offers the married state alone, and has, in Protestant lands, scoffed at the choice of a celibate life for God, has been bound to find its own remedies, and has done so; for men, an indulgent view of sin; for men and women alike, the too easy facilities of the divorce courts, or loveless homes, begun when each party to the contract was too young to know his or her mind. For men as for women, the cloister and the priesthood are again opening their arms, and may become, as at Montreuil, schools of printing, rivalling the best traditions of the early

presses; or as at Solesmes, schools of Church music; or schools of painting in which shall be educated Fra Angelicos with less archaic drawing, or later Lippis, with more regard for claustral rules; new classes of architecture, of sculpture, and of glass-staining. And in those religious houses, whether of men or women, who give themselves wholly to the contemplative life, Carthusians, Carmelites, Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, there will be those who expiate the sins of others, and in the midst of a naughty world, show there is a standard higher than that of flesh and blood. Even long ago, Thomas à Kempis, himself a Canon Regular of St. Augustine, spoke of the higher life of the stricter ascetics, who, like St. Paul, fill up in their bodies those things which are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, and in their poor and incomplete way take their part in His Expiatory Sacrifice. In fact, the doctrine of complementary substitution, which lies at the root of all mystical Christianity, is most fully carried out by communities of men and women, living the virginal life, waking while others sleep, fasting while others feast, taking in these latter days the part of the few righteous men for whose sake the Lord would have spared the guilty city of old.

"You see, dear mother," said a Carmelite nun, who never more would see her nearest relatives except through a 'grille,' "St. Teresa did not make her Rule for fun." And if her good Catholic parent needed such a reminder, what wonder is it that the ordinary men and women of the world fail to understand the mystical teaching of rules sanctioned by the Church, and regard mystical substitution as a fancy devised by sick and shy recluses "for fun." But there are other considerations which touch the world's heart more nearly. If, as suggested, a wider spread of the cloister life, or at least a larger trial of the novitiate, would render the world's appeal to divorce less needful than, in its own opinion, it is, the same machinery would provide the Church's answer to one of the

world's great difficulties—the support of the needy. The first attempts to deal with these, in England, was under the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and, more formally, under Elizabeth, when the Reformation, begun under her father, was fully established, and its consequences manifest. Whatever charges were brought against monasticism, neglect of the poor was never one of them, and the monks and friars, whether they lived on their estates or on the alms of the prosperous, shared their funds freely with those who had endowed them, or gave to them their daily bread. It is indeed said that pauperism is simply the shadow cast by the bright light of prosperity, that increased population resulted from greater wealth, and that it would have been impossible for charity to have kept pace with want. But this is a mere assertion without a shadow of proof. If, in what Cardinal Newman has called England's Second Spring, since penal laws were repealed or ceased to be enforced, nursing communities have sprung into being, and the Brothers of St. John of God have established hospitals, who shall assert that the Church was not always ready to take in hand all those alleviations of the poor man's lot which now are administered by the State or by private charity? Who shall dare find fault with the Church for any lack of private skilled nursing when, even in the memory of those now living, hospital nurses, and workhouse officials, formed part of the stock-in-trade for the satire of a popular novelist? In all spiritual matters the Church takes the lead, and reveals to us dogmas which in another life will become intuition; liturgies, with which the saints in glory celebrate God; the purity of those who neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are "as the angels of God in Heaven." But in all things pertaining to this life, the Church has to follow and to discover; to work for, with, and by fallen man, to ratify discoveries which man has made, and elevate them, if need be, to the rank of ecclesiastical doctrines, but always to be the Church of the age in which she finds her-

self, and not, except in dogma, one suited to an alien time and race, trammelled by the stage of development in which she finds herself. What man, unfallen, would have been, is not for us to know; what fallen man is, we know; we count our imperfections as our own, and take our part in a creation groaning and travailing in pain, praying with St. Fulgentius for the race as for ourselves, that we may gain patience here, and pardon hereafter. Surely the place of Holy Scripture in the Church's hands for us is a sign of her own position in the world; all that is therein written for doctrine, for advice, for exhortation, was written for our learning, but we are not sent to it to know geography or geology, or the various sciences and arts that God has left for man to discover. "Our Lord allowed His foster-father to leave the world," said a Jesuit Father, a few years since, when conducting a retreat, "without teaching him anything about a circular-saw."

Nor indeed is it obvious to all that a teeming population is a necessary part of prosperity. The French may be allowed to judge in this matter as well as ourselves, and are by no means disposed to think that it is a condition of national progress. From our rooted conviction that it is so comes the further extension of the belief that a large empire and many colonies are necessary to furnish careers to the many sons of our many families. The necessity of checks on population, on the other hand, has been proclaimed by many since the middle of the last century, and views have been formulated on the subject which cannot be approved. But few have considered whether it may not be well to seek the Church's remedy, one which in no way limits man's free-will, but sanctions the individual in following, or at least testing, a call from God to the celibate life. If it be true that English families are as a rule larger than those of other nations, it is also true that the celibate life took a very firm hold on England in pre-Reformation days. The religious houses were the true checks on population, they

were the Church's way, and no other would be needful were she allowed a free hand. The great disturbing element is the danger of war, and the supposed necessity of large standing armies. Just because the various States in which enforced conscription exists decide that each able-bodied young man must serve his turn in the army, the celibacy of religion is suppressed that it may give place to an irreligious celibacy which, obeying no call from God, is the fruitful cause of immorality. Hence, too, a bloody war from time to time causes a violent displacement and disruption of human life, which again, according to the State, demands the suppression of the Church's voluntary celibacy. Here in England, thank God, this is at present free and conscription unknown.

If these few lines serve in any degree to render clearer to any the blessings which fell on our land from a voluntary celibacy, and to explain the teaching of the Church on the subject, the writer's intention will be fully satisfied.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE FIRST EDITION

Mr. S. J. Abbott having announced that he is about to publish a book bearing the title *Revelations in Modern Convents*, it seems desirable to reprint the following paper, which appeared in *The Month* for March, 1899. From this it will be seen what claims Mr. Abbott has to be considered a trustworthy witness, and what value is to be attached to his statements.

In the *English Churchman* for August 3, 1899, I said that I had sent a copy of the paper to Mr. Abbott, and challenged him to contradict the statements therein made concerning him. This he has not attempted to do. Judging from the prospectus of his forthcoming work, many of these statements will be repeated in its pages.

According to the prospectus, the Rev. W. Lancelot Holland has "vouched for the care that has been taken to deal only with well-accumulated facts." On pages 5 and 6 of the following essay will be found material for forming a judgement as to the value to be attached to Mr. Holland's statements and recommendation.

It is hoped that Catholics will distribute this pamphlet largely among their Protestant friends. It may be confidently asserted that only those who are commercially interested in propagating slander against their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, or who are blinded by prejudice, will be able to resist the evidence here brought forward as to Mr. Abbott and the Convent Enquiry Society.

JAMES BRITTEN,
Hon. Sec. Catholic Truth Society.

126 Kennington Park Road,
London, S.E.

November 3, 1899.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The *Convent Enquiry Society*, with which the following pages are concerned, is accustomed to put on the front of its appeals for support two statements—that the work which it undertakes is unique, and that funds are urgently required.

It could be wished that the first of these were literally or substantially accurate, for, unique or no, the work of the society is of so base and discreditable a character that few indeed should be found ready to engage in it. This work consists in raking together every accusation against convents and their inmates which comes on any kind of authority—or none at all—and giving them to the world in the form that is most likely to defame and injure such institutions and persons, while affording no opportunity of publicly testing the truth of the stories told, more particularly in a court of law. This, indeed, is the all-important point, and the danger of an action for libel being avoided, there appears to be no limit to the dishonesty and mendacity of the methods which the publications of the society are willing to employ.

In urging its imperative need of funds, the *Convent Enquiry Society* can make no claim to be unique or singular, for this is the constant theme of all bodies of kindred nature. At the same time the field of labour

which it has chosen suggests such a need even less than most others, for no great expenditure should be involved in the task of picking up horrible tales from persons anxious to tell them, as all those seem to be whose information it cites. But as to the precise nature of the outlay incurred it is impossible to speak with any assurance, for one of the characteristics of the society appears to be that it sternly denies itself the luxury of a balance-sheet: certainly all efforts to obtain what would be so interesting a document have proved wholly fruitless. Nor has it been more practicable to ascertain who are the officers in whose hands are the operations of the society and the administration of its funds. So far as appears, its executive staff consists of its Secretary, Mr. S. J. Abbott, who is the literary staff as well, and supplies from his own pen the various books and pamphlets the disreputable character of which it is our object to exhibit. Colonel Sandys, we learn, is no longer the Chairman, at least so far as he is himself aware.

In its original form the present tract (which first appeared as an article in the *Month* for March, 1899) contained a paragraph ridiculing a story of imprisonment in a convent, told by Miss Alice Jane Beatty at a public meeting under Mr. Abbott's auspices. Although the view thus expressed has recently been justified by the verdict of a British jury,[1] the passage in question is now omitted. We have no desire to cause pain or annoyance to Miss Beatty, to whom we bear no ill-will, and we are only sorry that she should have been so ill-advised as to allow herself to be used for such purposes.

[1] In the action *Beatty* v. *Longmans and Others* (*i.e.*, against the *Month*), April 27, 1903. In the *Tablet* of May the 2nd will be found, with an account of the trial, the full text of Mr. Justice Grantham's summing-up.

Not so with Mr. S. J. Abbott. It was undoubtedly he who should have brought the action which stood in Miss Beatty's name, for the whole scope of the incriminated article was to impugn his veracity, and the hardest thing said of her tale was that, inasmuch as he vouched for it, it was presumably as true as another told by him. So obvious was this feature of the case that the judge significantly enquired whether Mr. Abbott had brought any action for libel, observing that he was certainly represented as not being the exponent of Gospel truth.

Nothing, however, was more remarkable throughout the proceedings than the anxiety displayed on her behalf to dissociate Miss Beatty from him; her counsel more than once explaining that he was no-wise concerned to defend Mr. Abbott, and even making it a special ground of complaint that his client should be classed with one against whom such accusations were brought.

It was even more singular that, whereas when Miss Beatty narrated her experiences, Mr. Abbott came forward to assure the audience that he had investigated the matter and obtained confirmatory evidence, he never appeared to repeat such testimony in the witness-box. Yet this would have been invaluable to his *protegée*, for it was largely due to the lack of such confirmation that her case so completely collapsed. As Mr. Justice Grantham observed to the jury: "Mr. Abbott had said that he had investigated the facts and they were admitted. Now there was not a tittle of evidence that they were admitted, and we know now, by the plaintiff's own account here, that they are absolutely untrue."

It is much to be regretted that other statements emanating from the same quarter should have no similar opportunity of inviting the attention of judges and juries, and we

must accordingly be satisfied with affording those who choose to read the following pages an opportunity of judging what is the nature of the wares in which the *Convent Enquiry Society* deals, and for the diffusion of which its manager assures the public that funds are urgently needed.

Meanwhile the Society goes unabashed upon its way ; it is received as a member of the Imperial Protestant Federation ; and Mr. Abbott makes frequent appearances on the platform at public meetings organized by leading Protestant Associations.

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

June 3, 1903.

MR. S. J. ABBOTT

AND THE

CONVENT ENQUIRY SOCIETY

By JAMES BRITTEN, K.S.G.

The Convent Enquiry Society is one of the numerous Protestant bodies which form the "Imperial Protestant Federation." Its President is Colonel T. Myles Sandys, M.P., who also presides over the Protestant Reformation Society, and is Chairman of the "Imperial Council" of the Federation. Mr. S. J. Abbott is Secretary of the C.E.S., which was established in 1889, and of which and its Secretary I propose to give some account.

The Convent Enquiry Society has from its inception steadily persevered in a course of cowardly and libellous attacks upon religious houses. I say "cowardly," and I emphasize the word, because, while bringing the vilest charges against convents in general, the writers are careful to avoid such definite statements as will bring them within reach of the law. If, in spite of their caution, they do come within reach of it, an abject withdrawal of the charges follows; but so long as they can take shelter

under generalities, they do not hesitate to heap calumny and falsehood upon the devoted and defenceless women who have chosen to lead a retired life, devoted to works of piety and charity. It is remarkable that among those who support such charges, and who take a prominent part in bringing them before the world, are members of the profession which, above all others, is expected to set an example of chivalry. A Colonel of the British Army is, as we have seen, at the present time President of the Society; Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge is, and has long been, one of its leading members; and the late General Sir Robert Phayre was not ashamed to put his name to pamphlets, issued by the Society, whose foulness was only equalled by their absurdity.

I have spoken of the readiness with which these cowardly assailants withdraw their calumnies when they are threatened with the just penalty of their offences. It may be well to give an instance of this.

Early in September, 1891, the Rev. W. Lancelot Holland, one of the most sedulous and unscrupulous propagators of anti-convent calumnies, and at one time Treasurer of the Convent Enquiry Society, made a statement in the *Scotsman* in which he categorically, on "the highest authority," charged some English nuns with having administered "drugs of the most noxious character" to one of their number. With rare want of caution, the libel was couched in such terms as to render the convent implicated readily identifiable, and legal proceedings were at once threatened. With commendable alacrity the reverend gentleman at once withdrew his accusation. "He had only meant to say that some medicine" had disagreed with the recipient, and his "high authority" did not even hint that there was an attempt at poisoning, nor did he imply it. On this the

Scotsman commented: "Mr. Holland does not seem to know the meaning of what he writes. More unmanly conduct than that of which he has been guilty it would be difficult to conceive."

Comment of this kind would penetrate any one less pachydermatous than the Rev. W. L. Holland and men of his stamp, but upon them it has no effect. Mr. Holland continues to spread his slanders broadcast, but he takes care to avoid coming within the range of legal proceedings.

No later than October, 1896, he read at the meeting of the Protestant Congress at Preston a paper, since published in pamphlet form, entitled, *The Revolting Inhumanity practised in Convents; or, Does Queen Victoria know?* in which he reissued, in the most offensive form, many of the old calumnies, and—incredible as it may seem—declared his belief in the fictions of Maria Monk! Moreover, he promulgated a new story, which runs thus:

> Quite lately, I interviewed a nun who escaped marvellously from a convent in Hertfordshire, with the convent gardener and watchman, in one, close at her heels. This lady, though as perfectly sane as you or I, and most intelligent, was treated by the Lady Superior and the community with whom she lived as an insane person. Of this I have irrefragable evidence beyond the mere word of the fugitive.

It is obvious that, if there were the slightest foundation for stories of this kind, the law could be set in motion and the guilty parties could be punished for false imprisonment. Mr. Holland neither suggests nor attempts this settlement of the case; he prefers to indulge in indiscriminate slander and calumny. It is unwise of him, however, to refer so confidently to his own perfect sanity; for the only charitable explanation of his atrocious conduct is to suppose him afflicted with monomania on the subject of convents.

Other particulars regarding the Convent Enquiry Society in the not so very long past will be found in Father Sydney Smith's pamphlet, *Calumnies against Convents*.[1] I propose now to deal with its present position, and to bring together certain particulars of its history during the last three years.

At the outset I am met with a difficulty which is by no means unfamiliar to those who attempt to investigate the working of bodies associated with this class of Protestantism. Mr. Walter Walsh has obtained much credit and considerable cash by the publication of his *Secret History of the Oxford Movement*: but the secrets which he reveals are as open as the day—and indeed always were so, to all who chose to look for them—compared with the inner working of certain Protestant societies, especially when anything like a balance-sheet is in question. Mr. Kensit, for example, for many years showed a singular reluctance to tell us what became of the funds contributed to the society which he astutely invented for the sale of his publications—a reluctance which contrasts in a striking manner with the readiness and frequency of his appeals for money—and now that he has been induced to issue something in the way of a balance-sheet, there is a singular absence therefrom of detailed information; he wants £10,000 for the lads, headed by his own youthful son, whom he (no doubt accurately) describes as "poor preachers," but no account of this fund is publicly accessible: no balance-sheet has been obtainable of the "Diamond Jubilee Effort," which "a city merchant" headed with a donation of £100; nor have I been able to secure a properly audited (or any other) balance-sheet of the Protestant Onward Movement, which is also run by Mr. Kensit. Similarly, neither by an application by letter (enclosing stamp), nor at the office, can

[1] Catholic Truth Society. 1d.

information be obtained as to the present position of the Convent Enquiry Society ; and I must content myself with the Report for the year ending March 17, 1896—the only one I have succeeded in getting.

At that time the Society had no President, but Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge was the Chairman, and Mr. S. J. Abbott, the Secretary. The aims of the Society, as set forth in its prospectus, are—"to obtain reliable information respecting the Conventual System from every available source ; to assist nuns who wish for their liberty," to prevent parents sending their daughters to convent schools, to register all the inmates and their removals from one place to another, as well as "all births and deaths," and to obtain "the eventual suppression of these prison-houses." I apologize for printing these offensive details, but in no other way can I make clear the kind of insinuation which commends itself to a certain number of Church of England clergymen and "gentlemen," as well as, I am sorry to say, to some respectable English women. The Report was accompanied by a letter from the Secretary, in which he pointed out that "funds were greatly needed," and proceeded to say: "Only this morning, but for a telegram which came just at the moment we were preparing to start, we should have had to provide funds from our private resources for the expenses of an important affair in France. The telegram came to say the person was gone from the place. The need of funds will therefore be realized."

The balance-sheet appended to the Report is interesting. From this it appears that the receipts during the year from subscriptions and donations amounted to £159 9s. 3d., while "salary, &c.," came to £156 0s. 9d. The only salaried official, so far as I can ascertain, is the

Secretary, Mr. Abbott; the "etc.," I take to be merely an ornamental flourish, as stationery, postage, and the like —as well as "literature, including the cost of 600 copies of *Walled-up Nuns*"—is defrayed out of the balance of £63 remaining from previous years. This throws considerable light upon Mr. Abbott's remark: "The need of funds will therefore be realized;" and upon the statement in the Report that "the Society really needs £1,000."

The Report itself is of the usual character, and is written in the peculiar jargon which passes for English among the class of persons who support organizations of the extreme Protestant type. I have more than once called attention to the extraordinary illiteracy of these documents, and I do so because it must be remembered that it is the writers and readers of this trash who are loudest in denouncing the ignorance of Catholics. As usual, the Jesuits are mainly concerned. "To maintain this state of things"—*i.e.*, the freedom of convents from inspection— "all the power and cunning of the Jesuits—the most formidable secret society the world has ever known—is brought into requisition. It is against this system and this band of conspirators that the Convent Enquiry Society have to contend. Again and again in the most unscrupulous manner have the Jesuits attacked the Society; especially directing their attacks in the most malicious, cowardly, and vindictive manner against the individual members of the executive."

Then follow wholesale charges of the usual kind, utterly unsupported, of course, by a fragment of evidence, against priests and nuns; couched, moreover, in language which would be inadequately characterized by the term "offensive." Attempted escapes, assaults of various kinds, floggings, poisonings, brutality to children, imprisonments,

immurings — all these are spoken of as ordinary occurrences. Mr. Lancelot Holland's preposterous *Walled-up Nuns* is treated as an authority of the first class : and, with incredible audacity, the thrice-exposed lies about Mexico are assumed to be matters of fact, as in the following sentence – the italics and capitals are those of the original :—

> It seems terrible to contemplate that in this otherwise free country, the present condition of things is such that enclosed nuns *have no more hope of leaving their convents than the poor victims* "WALLED UP ALIVE" *in the Mexican and other convents could have had of leaving their* "LIVING TOMBS," *when they saw the last stone inserted which shut out the light for ever.*[1]

It will excite no surprise when I say that the work of the Convent Enquiry Society is approved and endorsed by that eminent Protestant champion, Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. That so credulous and uncritical a person should have been chosen by the Protestant party to move an amendment to the Queen's Speech in the interests of Protestantism, shows, if any demonstration were needed, to how low a depth the party has sunk : and the division which followed was a natural sequence of the speech which he delivered.

In the last edition (1898) of *The Claims of Rome*, Mr. Smith calls attention to the Report of the Convent Enquiry Society, "issued this year." (As I have already shown, it was not issued in 1898, but in 1896.) The Report, he says, contains "some dreadful charges of barbarity and wickedness," which, with unusual caution, he does not quote, "as (he has) no means of judging of their truth" : but he gives, with evident approval, the

[1] Report, p. 13.

paragraph in which they "sum up their charges"; it is as follows—the italics are his:—

> The facts that have come to the knowledge of the C.E.S. are such, that the Committee are *convinced that there is enough iniquity and crime secretly practised in Convents to ensure their immediate dissolution, if the evidence could be brought out and proved to the public: and the hope of the Society is, that something may come before them which will enable them to arouse the public to a sense of their duty upon this great and serious question.*

I now proceed to consider the more recent history of the Society.

In October, 1896, a meeting of the Protestant Congress was held at Exeter Hall, at which addresses upon convents were delivered by the reverend libeller already mentioned, the Rev. Jacob Primmer, Pastor Chiniquy, and Colonel Sandys. I was present at that meeting, and was impressed by the wild fanaticism exhibited both by speakers and audience. I shall not soon forget the enthusiasm with which the latter received Mr. Primmer's excited appeal to pull down the convents, leaving not a stone upon a stone; nor how heartily they repudiated Colonel Sandys' qualifying statement, that of course such demolition was not intended to be carried out physically. As a result of that meeting, a Committee was formed from various societies to draw up an address to be presented to the Queen on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, praying for the inspection of convents. Colonel Sandys was president, Mrs. Arbuthnot (of *The Protestant Woman*), treasurer, and Mr. S. J. Abbott, secretary and organizer. The most extraordinary trouble was taken to procure signatures; copies of the petition, leaflets, forms of memorial, were distributed by tens of thousands, at home and abroad; the petition itself was

exposed for signature in various public places, including public-houses; the Protestant papers supported the scheme, the *Christian* and the *Christian World* being, as was to be expected, especially enthusiastic. The petition, to which 336,250 signatures were attached, was presented to Her Majesty at the end of 1897, and Mr. Abbott received a formal acknowledgement from the Home Office that this had been done.

In February, 1898, the *Catholic Herald* instituted inquiries as to the intentions of the Government, and the Duke of Norfolk, in reply, said that he had "no reason to suppose that any measure of the kind was contemplated." From that time to this nothing has been done, nor could any sane person who reads the memorial have supposed for a moment that anything would be done. A more preposterous document, either in statement or in wording, can never have been brought before Her Majesty's notice. I regret that it is not possible to reproduce it in full in these pages; but I propose to examine one of its paragraphs somewhat in detail, and from this a notion may be formed of the rest. Meanwhile it should not be forgotten that, only a few months after the presentation of the memorial, the Princess of Wales, for the first time, opened a bazaar in aid of a convent.

We are indebted to the *Catholic Herald* for having published in its issue for March 18, 1898, an account of an interview with Mr. Abbott on the subject of the memorial—an account which fully justifies the conclusion of the *Herald*, that "Mr. Abbott was absolutely unable to substantiate a single one of the allegations, or to furnish a solitary specific instance in support of them; whenever he attempted to furnish proof, he failed miserably and completely."

The memorial to the Queen states :—

That private Burial Grounds being attached to Convents, in which interments have been seen to take place at night, and having regard to the fact that there is no Specific Registration existing of the names and numbers of the inmates, the Convent Authorities have great facilities for avoiding the holding of Coroner's inquests, and for evading the provisions of the Burial Laws.

Now, before quoting from the *Herald* Mr. Abbott's cross-examination on this head, I should like to point out that the statement as to these burials at night, so far as one of the witnesses is concerned, was published at the end of 1892, or early in 1893—the date is approximately ascertainable from internal evidence—in a wretched little pamphlet printed as a private speculation by a man named Shailer, who placed his address upon it in order that "all who wish to help with cash" might know where to send it. This appropriately-named *Book of Horrors* consists of eight small pages, and costs a penny, so that, if it had any sale, it must have paid very well. It may be noted in passing that the publishers and authors (they are often identical) of Protestant tracts have a keen eye to business : Mr. Abbott's tract on *The Convent Jubilee Memorial*, for example, consists of twelve pages in wrapper, and costs 3d. Shailer's book is a scissors-and-paste compilation of the usual extracts, and is perhaps even more illiterate than usual ; some of the statements are, of course, manifestly and even absurdly inaccurate. Interspersed with these are a few paragraphs by the author, one of which runs as follows :—

In May, 1892, a gentleman in the Labroke Grove, Notting Hill, *whose name is as the month between April and June*, said that he saw three nuns dig a grave in the convent garden opposite his house and bury a child, in the fall of 1891.

This was the source of one part of Mr. Abbott's information, which I now proceed to quote from the *Herald*. The interviewer, having possessed himself of one of Mr. Abbot's pamphlets, proceeded to cross-examine him as follows :—

"You say that 'a member of the London County Council, who gave me the information relating to the convent in St. Charles Square, Notting Hill, stated that he had been in the private burial ground of that institution, and two tradesmen have witnessed burials taking place at night in the grounds of the Convent of Poor Clares, Notting Hill.' Who is the County Councillor from whom you got the information?"

Mr. Abbott—"I cannot give you his name. It is within the past three years he told me. He represents part of Kensington."

"Oh, very well. Then I'll make it my business to call on all the County Councillors representing Kensington."

Mr. Abbott now changed his ground, and made an important admission.

"Let me see now," he said (after cogitation). "Yes. It was a slip of the pen. The man was not a member of the County Council. He would be a member of the Kensington Vestry, last year, or the year before. I am not certain whether I said that I would not give his name. I cannot, therefore, let you have it now."

"Very well. Now, can you assist me to get at the two tradesmen who saw burials taking place at night in the grounds of the Convent of Poor Clares, Notting Hill?"

Mr. Abbott (after great hesitation)—"Well, one was Mr. Mayes.[1] He had a shop opposite the convent on the road running down to Notting Hill Station, right opposite the convent. I think it was a draper's shop. That was about three or four years ago. It may have been less, or it may have been more."

"And who is the other tradesman?"

"I do not know that I am free to mention his name. Tradesmen are rather particular about that. I should not mention his name without his permission."

The reader will note the consideration which Mr. Abbott shows for the County Councillor (who was "not a member

[1] This is "the gentleman whose name is as the month between April and June of Shailer's pamphlet."

of the County Council") and "the other tradesman," and will not fail to contrast it with the freedom with which the name of the Convent is given. And the reader will probably consider that Mr. Abbott's *bonâ fides* may be sufficiently gauged by the nature of his answers. But will it be believed that the most diligent inquiry at Notting Hill, in the neighbourhood of the Convent of Poor Clares, failed to elicit the whereabouts of Mr. Abbott's informant, Mayes the draper!

Not only were burials at night not "witnessed by two tradesmen," but they could not possibly have taken place "in the grounds of the Convent of Poor Clares," for the *Herald* goes on to say that the Sisters are not buried within the precincts of the convent, but in the Kensal Green Cemetery. There is no burial ground within the precincts of the convent. The registration is attended to by the doctor, who is not a Catholic.

This is the result of the examination of Mr. Abbott with regard to one paragraph of the memorial to the Queen. There are ten paragraphs in all, and all are equally insulting to the intelligence of the Gracious Lady to whom the memorial has been presented. I will quote only one more, and that without comment:

> Your memorialists are mindful of the benefits conferred under British Rule, upon your Majesty's Indian subjects by the abolition of a long-established Religious rite, called Suttee, whereby Hindoo widows, under the delusion that they would thereby attain eternal beatitude, immolated themselves upon the funeral pile of their deceased husbands, causing hundreds of lives to be sacrificed annually, which abolition resulted in giving general satisfaction to your Majesty's subjects. They are therefore absolutely convinced of the necessity for equally stringent laws being passed to prevent practices not less unnatural and cruel, and withal of life-long duration inseparable from Convent life.

Those who wish to see further particulars of Mr. Abbott's

self-contradictions, of the kind of evidence on which he bases his attacks upon convents, and of the—well, inaccuracies—which he told his interviewer, must refer to the number of the *Catholic Herald* already quoted. One example of his inaccuracies may be cited. The interviewer also visited Mr. Robert Steele, of the Protestant Evangelical Mission—whose story must be told some day at length—having been referred to him by Mr. Abbott. Mr. Steele said, "I would not know Mr. Abbott from the man in the moon! I do not know him personally at all;" whereas Mr. Abbott said he had "known Mr. Steele a long time." Which of these paid representatives of anti-Catholic societies was romancing on this particular occasion, I am not able to say; but assuredly one of them must have been.

This exposure took place in March, 1898, and the *Herald* said, "We venture to say that we shall not hear much more of the Convent Enquiry Society." But this showed an imperfect appreciation of the methods of such bodies. Will it be believed that in the following June, Mr. Abbott issued his pamphlet on the Jubilee Memorial, begging for "further contributions to enable them to carry this important movement to a successful issue." The memorial had been "laid before the Queen" before January 19th, and no acknowledgement other than the formal act of that date had been (or has yet been) received. By what means is the "movement to be carried to a successful issue," and for what purpose are "further contributions" needed?

At about the same date Mr. Abbott issued another collection of calumnies, called *Slavery in Convent Laundries*—again bringing all kinds of charges against convents in such a manner as to prevent any possibility of identification. Still more recent, judging from internal evidence, is a four-page leaflet of *Important Facts*, in which

it is admitted that "the Government have given no intimation of their intention to deal with the Convent question, and the replies from the Home Secretary to our letters have been vague and unsatisfactory." From this document one paragraph may be reproduced, *verbatim et literatim*, as a choice specimen of what is considered evidence by the Convent Enquiry Society.

SEVENTY-THREE INMATES POISONED.—At the Laurel Hill Convent School, not many months before the inauguration of the Petition, 73 INMATES of the Convent were taken seriously ill ; the PIGS belonging to the Convent, which had eaten the remnants of the feast, were likewise so ill that the VET. and the DOCTOR were simultaneously called in. FIVE WOMEN DIED, one a fine young girl of eighteen, finished, and to have gone home to her parents. The viscera were sent to the County Analyst; the report, which was much ridiculed, stated that the deaths were due to *ptomanes* caused by a *bad egg*, *etc*. Here were 5 lives lost, 73 people tortured and possibly injured for life ; the case left in the hands of one man, said to be a Protestant, in the service of the Dublin Corporation, which is practically under the thumb of the priests, and we have to be satisfied with the verdict, that all this was caused by a BAD EGG.

Those who remember the sad occurrence on which this misrepresentation fastens, and the general sympathy felt and expressed for the poor nuns, on whom, it is needless to say, no shadow of suspicion rested, will be able to appreciate the utter inhumanity of this paragraph. It is unnecessary to add that this document, like all the rest, ends with an appeal for more money: "We look to our friends to come forward and adequately support us; remittances . . . should be addressed to the Secretary."

Of course it is absurd to suppose that any amount of exposure will have any effect upon Mr. Abbott ; for no exposure could well be more effective than that published by the *Herald*. Besides, he has his living to get ; and it has

been laid down by an eminent expert that "them as has brains and no money must live on them as has money and no brains." But what has Colonel Sandys to say? He must be a gentleman, and a man of intelligence; he is moreover a Member of Parliament, and, as such, is a representative of the people and a maker of laws. Does he really believe the charges brought against convents? Can he possibly consider the evidence adduced sufficient to justify the conclusions based upon it? It cannot be that his attention has never been called to the investigation which was instituted into Mr. Abbott's accuracy, for I sent him two copies of this paper on its first publication.

And what of the people who find funds for the Society? It is true that the sums are small and the donors for the most part unknown to fame; yet the 1896 list contains four generals, a colonel, six reverends, and a bishop of some kind. Have they no Catholic friends who will point out to them kindly but plainly that they are the dupes of their prejudices, and that they are contributing towards the perpetuation and dissemination of the cruellest of calumnies against those who are at least as virtuous as themselves — towards the publication of "accusations which," to quote the words of the Duke of Norfolk—in a letter dated December 11, 1897, and published on the occasion of the Slatterys' visit to Sheffield—"no decent man would listen to, no generous man believe."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

THE FRIAR'S STORY.

In a large English country house in the midland counties a little group was one day collected round a venerable friar, whose dark hair and eyes and complexion proved him to be of a very different race from the fair-haired children round him. They had beguiled him in to what is called a "schoolroom tea," which on Sundays was always honoured by the presence of both father and mother.

A lady, still beautiful (though a grown-up daughter and a soldier son near her proved that her "silver wedding" was not far distant), was seated in an armchair at the bottom of the table; and by her stood the Benjamin of the family, a little curly-haired boy of six, who took advantage of his proud position as the youngest of the family and "mother's pet" to claim exemption from all rules and do pretty much as he liked. And it was his voice which sounded even louder than the rest in the entreaty to the friar, which had gone the round of the table, that he would "tell them his story."

The good and holy Father was a general favourite with children of all ages. He had learned lessons

of tenderness and gentleness and forbearance from his Divine Master, which made all the little ones cling to the wearer of this rough brown habit as to one who loved them, and who would be patient with their importunity. And they were not mistaken; for in a few moments the good priest looked up and said:—

"Well, I will tell you my history, though it isn't altogether to my credit. But it may be useful to you as a warning, perhaps," he added, turning smiling to an eager-looking boy of ten or eleven who was leaning towards him; "anyhow it will serve to show the goodness of God, and how He deigns to listen to and answer the prayers of a pious mother."

So the tea-things were rapidly cleared away, the fire was stirred, chairs and stools were gathered round it, and the good Father began his tale as follows:—

"I was born in the year 1836 in a beautiful village called C——, situated on the borders of the Adriatic. I need not say that in those days all this country was the property of the Pope, who ruled as a father over his people. There were very light taxes at that time, and no conscription or other inventions of so-called 'Liberal' authorities, whose ideas of liberty seem to me to be restricted to imposing heavy burdens upon others, and doing themselves exactly as they please. My father was the agent of Comte G——. He was an excellent, conscientious man, and a very good Catholic. My mother was my ideal of what a pious, holy, loving woman should be; and as I was the youngest of her boys, and the last, she cherished me with even an

unusual degree of affection, which I returned with my whole heart.

"Altogether, I do not think you could have found a happier home than mine was. Yet, in spite of that, I had one wish deep down in my heart from my very childhood; and that was to follow the example of my two elder brothers, who had both become Religious. Accordingly I determined to learn my lessons as diligently as I could, so as to be allowed, by-and-by, to study for the Church. When I was only eleven or twelve I had mastered the difficulties of Latin, and knew it very fairly well. My master, who was the curate of the village, and a clever professor, encouraged me as much as possible, and I soon rose to the head of my class.

"The parish priest was fond of my parents, and took a special fancy to me. I spent a great portion of my time with him, as he liked me to accompany him in his walks; and as he was rather old and short-sighted, I used to write almost all his letters and even say the Divine Office with him; while he liked no one but me to serve his Mass.

"In this same village, or rather on the hills above it, were several country houses belonging to different rich and noble families of A——, who used to come and spend the hot summer and autumn months there, as is the custom in Italy, where all who can, leave the towns, and go into what is called 'villeggiatura,' from June till the end of October. No one could wonder at their wishing to come to our village, for the situation was perfectly beautiful; the hills were clothed

with vines, the crops in the valleys were rich and magnificent, and the deep blue Adriatic could be seen from every part, often studded with white sails, as the port of A—— was one of the most important, in a commercial point of view, of any in the Pope's dominions.

"The village itself, though small, was very pretty, part of it being built on the ancient and strong walls of a castle belonging, in the old feudal times, to the Counts of C——; so that bits of the old fortress cropped up everywhere amidst the bright white houses and green trailing vines, making pictures beautiful enough to tempt any artist to transfer them to his canvas. I am now an old man, but I do not think I ever saw any fairer scene than that which met my eye every day, and which, even then, I could feel and appreciate to my heart's core.

"During the autumn of 1846, the Count and Countess S——, with their only son, the young Viscount, came to one of those villas I have mentioned at C——. They wanted a companion for their boy, and hearing of me from several people, they asked the parish priest if he could obtain my father's consent to let me go and live with them for a while, to share in the 'Contino's' lessons and sports, and so prevent his feeling lonely at the villa. My father, who knew that they were good as well as rich people, thought it would be an advantage for me to be with them, and consented. I went, and very soon became accustomed to my new life, and very fond of the young Count. I had never before had a friend of my own age with whom I could

associate on any terms of intimacy, and we soon became like brothers. The Count and Countess treated me just as if I had been their own son, and as I knew every path in the hills, I became their companion and guide in all their expeditions. It was a very happy summer, and the long rambles did my health good, which had rather suffered before from too much study. But I never forgot my dear mother, and whenever I was not wanted at the villa, I used to run down to our house, even if it were only for a few minutes, to get her loving kiss and blessing.

"So the days passed on: but then the autumn came, and the winter was at hand, and the Count and his family were to return to their winter quarters. The young Contino was broken-hearted at the idea of parting with me, and, after some difficulties, it was at last settled that I was to go back with them to A—— for a time, on condition that I should be allowed to go on with my studies. This, the Count assured my father, would be easier at A—— than in the country, as there were first-rate professors in the College there.

"The prospect of seeing what, to me, was a new world, and, still more, of making progress in my education, made me rejoice when the day was fixed for our departure. Yet I never wavered in my wish to become a Religious, which I thought I might do when I was fifteen, though I kept all such ideas entirely to myself. The only moment when I broke down was when I went to wish good-bye to my mother. She had never been very much in favour of this move to A——,

though my father had over-ruled her scruples, and it was with evident anxiety and a full heart that she gave me her blessing, recommending me to the care of my guardian angel, and charging me never to relax in my daily prayers, and in my watchfulness over myself. I promised all with a light heart. I was full of self-confidence and hope. And, besides, was I not going to be a monk in two or three years?

"My first disappointment was in A—— itself. True, the town is finely situated, sloping towards the sea between two hills, one crowned by the cathedral, the other by the citadel. The port, too, is a very busy one, defended by several forts, and enclosed by two moats, over one of which is an arch, erected to the Emperor Trajan. But when one has seen these lions, one has seen everything. It is such a big town that we boys were not allowed to go out alone; so that we were confined indoors the greater part of the day, and only went out in the evening to take a walk, which was generally on the fine terrace facing the harbour. To children used to the freedom of a country life, this seemed insufferably dull and wearisome, and I soon began to pine for my old home.

"A——, during that time, was one of the hot-beds of that revolutionary spirit which has since spread its fatal influences over the whole of Italy. The ostensible cause of the movement was the desire to free the north of Italy from the Austrian yoke, and the Carbonari took advantage of this patriotic feeling to enlist all the rising young men under their banner. But when once that had been effected, they showed themselves

in their true colours as foes to God and man. They made themselves masters or rather tyrants of the town, which soon became a very seat of anarchy and crime. Scarcely a day or a night passed without some one being attacked, and often treacherously murdered.

"It became at last a perfect reign of terror, and no one dared go out unarmed after nightfall. Perini and Gavazzi were there, preaching what they called the 'Holy War' against the Austrians—in reality it was against every description of order and law; and especially against the Church, the Pope, and the aristocracy. Often I have heard them preaching on a platform in the principal square of the town; and the enthusiasm was such that hundreds of young and inexperienced boys would rush forward and enlist themselves as volunteers; while ladies would take off their earrings and jewellery, and lay them at the feet of those two charlatans, who were always exhorting their hearers to give them money, nominally towards the expenses of the war, but in reality to carry on their socialist propaganda. Though I saw all this, I was not in the least aware of what was really going on; but, like a boy, rather enjoyed the fun and excitement.

"In the month of March, 1846, the so-called 'Roman Legion,' after having been defeated shortly before by the Austrians, marched into A——, on their way to Rome. All the principal families of the town were required to provide them with food and lodgings; and two or three officers and a certain number of men were quartered or

directly opposed to the movement were secretly indignant at this requisition, but were afraid to refuse or to protest openly, from the terror inspired by the violence of the revolutionary party. Among these were the good people with whom I was living, who were, nevertheless, compelled to receive three officers—a Colonel and two Captains—in their palace.

"They remained about a fortnight, and, although very much afraid of them at first, we boys began to find them very amusing companions, as they told us endless stories of battles and stirring campaigns.

"One of them especially, Captain S——, took a great fancy to me. He was a much nicer fellow than the generality of these men, and was imbued with a real spirit of patriotism, which made him believe that to turn the Austrians out of Italy would not injure the Pope or the Church, but would merely consolidate the union of the kingdom under one head. In all revolutionary movements some are, like him, actuated by pure motives, and only too late find out their mistake, and the real nature and intentions of their leaders.

"Well, this Captain was of that sort; and night after night I listened to his stories, and felt myself quite influenced with the idea of driving out the Austrians, and delivering my country from the yoke of strangers. He encouraged me warmly in all these notions, and at last proposed to me to go to Rome with him, assuring me that the Pope himself would hail us as deliverers. It was at the time that Rossi was Prime Minister, and when the moderate Liberals imagined that Pius IX.

would put himself at the head of the Liberal movement. At first, I flatly refused; the thoughts of my vocation, and of the despair of my good parents, especially of my dear mother, if I were to join the Roman Legion without their consent, which I felt I should never obtain, weighed with me too strongly to yield at once to the temptation. But little by little my good resolutions faded away. After all, Rome was not far off; I could easily come back if I did not find it all that my friend represented; and the charms of novelty, to say nothing of the chances of glory, have great attractions for a boy of fourteen. Still I held out until the very last morning of the departure of the officers, when I went to see them start, and my captain friend renewed his entreaties so earnestly that I resolved to go with him—a fatal resolution, which cost me much bitter sorrow, and very nearly life itself.

"Our route lay from A—— to Loreto. I had not marched more than two miles, when my heart failed me. I began to cry, and told the Captain I felt I had done wrong, and that I must go back to A——. But he cheered me up, told me it was too late to think of such a thing, and how I should be laughed at at home for my escapade, and branded as a coward by my companions; so that he persuaded me to go on. At Loreto, however, where I had been before with my mother to visit the Santa Casa, I felt more and more unhappy; I pictured her grief when she heard I had left my kind protectors, and made a resolution to return home. But then came the practical difficulty; I had no money, and no friends, and I did not know the way, three things

which, to a child as I was, seemed to be insuperable obstacles. So, with many bitter tears, I went to pray in the Holy House, to ask God to forgive my folly, and to comfort my mother. As I came out I met my friend the Captain, and he took me to the hotel where he was lodging, and asked me to help him to pack up his things.

"He was a gentleman, and a kind and generous-hearted man, and seeing me still very sad, he told me I should want for nothing if I would only stay with him, and be his little companion and friend. He made me dine with him, and at last I began to think I had better make the best of my position, and not attempt to return home for the present. The following morning we started for Macerata, and from thence marched to Tolentino. Here the Republic was proclaimed. I was too young to understand what that meant; but I saw that my Captain was not pleased, and some angry altercations took place between him and the other officers. But he kept his word towards me, always looking after me to see that I was not too tired, and that I had proper food. I became very fond of him, though at the bottom of my heart I never ceased regretting the step I had taken. From Tolentino we marched by Foligno, Terni, and Narni, to Rome.

"At first I was delighted with the sight of the Eternal City, but soon even I began to comprehend that we were looked upon as enemies by all the good and respectable people, that the Pope had left Rome, and fled to Gaëta to escape the so-called 'Roman Legion,' and that, in fact, we were considered a band of Red

Republicans, and nothing else. Whether this conviction gradually dawned upon Captain S——, and brought on a serious illness, I do not know; but he became sad and depressed, and very soon symptoms of fever developed themselves, and the much-dreaded 'perniciosa' was whispered by the doctors around him. I was miserable at the idea of losing my only friend, and nursed him with the utmost devotion.

"But the decree had gone forth. Within a fortnight of our arrival in Rome, poor Captain S—— breathed his last, and I was left utterly forlorn. I knew there were some people from my old home now settled in Rome, but where to find them I could not tell. I thought very often of writing to my mother and owning my folly, and begging her to send me some money to go home, but I had not the heart, or rather a kind of false shame kept me back. But whenever I thought of her I used to cry my heart out. My only consolation was in going to the churches, where I used to recommend myself most earnestly to my Heavenly Mother, the sweet and sorrowful Mother of Jesus. Then I began to realize the parable of the prodigal son, and feared both for my soul and body.

"As long as the Captain lived, I had a friend and a protector, but since his death I did not know what to do or where to go to. Two days later, as I was walking sadly over the bridge of St. Angelo towards St. Peter's, I met a young officer whose face seemed familiar to me, and stopping him, asked him to show me the shortest way to the Vatican Gardens. He started on hearing my voice, and exclaimed:—

"'What, is it you? Are you not P——? Don't you know me? I am Frederick T—— who used to come to the Palazzo S——.'

"He had no sooner spoken than I recognized him; he was the son of the governor of the gaol, but had, like me, run away from his parents to join the volunteers. I was so glad to find any one I knew that I poured out to him at once all my sad story. He was very kind, and taking compassion upon me, proposed that I should go back with him at once to his Colonel, whose name was A——, of the Engineers. He was quartered in the house of the Jesuit novitiate at Monte Cavallo, opposite the Quirinal. We found him at home, and he listened very good-naturedly to the tale of my misfortunes. He promised he would do his best for me, and introduced me to his wife, who received me very kindly, and asked me to dine with them. I had eaten nothing all day; so you may fancy I was very thankful for the invitation. In the evening the Colonel told me that his regiment was to leave Rome in a few days for Terracina, and proposed to me to accompany him as an orderly, but he added that in order to get regular pay I must put on the uniform of the Engineer regiment to which he belonged. This I was very pleased to do, and accordingly the next morning I went up again to Monte Cavallo, and he dressed me in my new clothes (of which, at first, I was very proud), and told me I was to attend solely to his orders.

"In a few days we started for Velletri. I walked for about ten miles, but my feet became so sore I could not go on any longer, and was put in the ambulance. From

Velletri we went to Cisterna, lodging for the night in a convent of Franciscans, and so on to Terracina. But the farther I went the more unhappy I became. It was true that the Colonel and the other officers were very kind to me and I did my best to please them. But every step I took I felt I was going farther and farther away from my home and my dearest mother. Often on seeing some elderly lady in the distance, I fancied it was her, and then when I found it was only my imagination, I shed bitter and fruitless tears.

"On arriving at Terracina, the regiment was told off to the boundary of the Pontifical States, about three miles farther on, to make fortifications between the main road to Naples and the sea, so as to prevent the Neapolitan troops from coming to Rome. I thought it very weary work—day after day the same thing—but I lived with the officers' mess and did not mind the hard work. Close by was the Neapolitan Custom-house; but it seemed to me that there was a very good understanding between the staff of our regiment and that of the enemy—as the Neapolitans were supposed to be—for one day our officers invited them all to dinner, and a week after the Neapolitans returned the compliment. I thought it very strange, and tried to persuade my friend the Colonel not to accept the invitation, but he only laughed at my fears.

"It was about 4 P.M. when our commanding officer, with three of his suite, left the camp to go to dine at the Neapolitan barracks. My heart misgave me—I don't know why—but I went back to my work at the fortifications with the men.

"About 7 P.M. I was sitting down, resting and musing on my fate. I had never associated with any one intimately in the regiment—for I felt we had nothing in common—nor had I ever neglected my prayers. I had opened my heart to a good old priest at Terracina, who prepared me for my First Communion, which, strange to say, I made there. He told me to be patient, and to bear the evils of my present position as a punishment for my wilfulness in leaving home. I certainly had no military taste whatever. It was simply a boy's love of adventure which had led me into this scrape.

"While I was thus thinking, I suddenly looked up and saw our officers pinioned, and being hurried away by an escort of Neapolitan soldiers along the sea-shore. Whilst at dinner, they had been disarmed and made prisoners—the pretended hospitality was only a bit of treachery to get them into their power. I gave the alarm. The men hurried for their arms and commenced a vigorous pursuit in order to rescue their officers, which would certainly have succeeded, had not the enemy had a boat ready into which they rapidly conveyed their prisoners, and steamed off for Gaëta, leaving us, mad with rage, on the shore.

"But we had to think of our own safety, as the Neapolitan troops were striving to intercept our retreat. A sharp skirmish ensued, during which several men were killed on both sides. We were ordered to return to, and defend, the fortifications, and to watch during the night for fear of a general attack—but I suppose they were not sufficiently strong to venture. We had

to search the neighbouring woods for fear of a surprise, and four of our men were killed.

"I was more miserable than ever; for in losing the commanding officer, I had lost a benefactor and friend, who had been to me as a father, and for the second time in a few weeks, I found myself again entirely alone. Madame A—— heard of the seizure of her husband, and hastened to Terracina. I told her with sobs, all I knew. She assured me that he would soon be set free or exchanged; for that she was herself going to Gaëta, and would see the Pope and explain that, although with the rebel army, he was yet a faithful Catholic. Her words turned out to be true—for at the end of three weeks, our beloved Colonel returned, to the great joy of the men, who cheered him lustily, and organized a very pretty *fête* in his honour.

"Soon after, the regiment was sent back to Rome, and again lodged at Monte Cavallo. Two days after our arrival, we were ordered to go and make barricades at Porta St. Pancrazio. Soon there was a rumour that the French were at hand. Our regiment worked day and night; still we knew that our feeble redoubt would not stand a regular fire from a disciplined army.

"One day when I was at Monte Cavallo, Madame A—— came and implored me to take a message for her to her husband, who was at Porta St. Pancrazio. I went with a sergeant-major, and we crossed the Vatican Gardens behind St. Peter's. Just as we were nearing the wall, a ball struck my companion in the chest, and he fell, mortally wounded. Beside myself

with fright, I called to some soldiers who were near, and who carried away the poor fellow on a stretcher to the hospital. Pale with fear, I came up to the commanding officer who was in the midst of his men, and presented the note. He saw directly something was the matter, and asked me what had happened. I told him, and he gave me a glass of wine, saying that I ought not to have run such a risk, or to have crossed the line of fire; and he sent me back with two of his men to Monte Cavallo.

"The French were every day getting nearer and nearer; and one evening an order came that all of us young ones were to go into the Castle of St. Angelo. There we had each in turn to do sentinel's duty. I had to carry a big gun, a knapsack, and a sabre—in fact, the things I had to carry were much heavier than myself. However, I was given no choice. My duty was to guard one side of the ramparts, and when my turn came to relieve the sentry, it was eleven o'clock at night. My orders were, that if I heard any noise or any sign of the enemy nearing the walls, I was to give the alarm.

"All went on quietly till near midnight, when I heard the sound as of approaching feet. I gave the alarm, and about a hundred men rushed up to the spot where I stood, and asked me what I had heard. I described the noise, and they began to fire. In the confusion I thought I should not be missed, and crept away to hide myself in one of the empty carriages that were there. You see, I was not meant for a soldier. After a time, I heard my name called, but gave no answer. I heard

also the men grumbling at having been roused by a false alarm; and in the morning I was dragged out of my hiding-place, and carried as a prisoner before the commandant of the castle, who cross-questioned me, and spoke very sharply, threatening me with every kind of punishment for having what he called 'deserted my post.'

"Finally, he ordered me to return to the same spot on the ramparts for three hours' sentry duty. You may guess that my reflections were not of the pleasantest sort. I thought my guardian angel had deserted me, but I felt sure that, at any rate, my dearest mother was praying for me, and that gave me courage. What made it all so bitter to me was the knowledge that I had brought it on myself. I think one can bear anything if it be in the way of duty; but in my case I had began by disobedience, and this was the consequence. There were some twenty boys of about fifteen in the castle with me, and most, if not all of us, had run away from home, and bitterly regretted our folly.

At last, one morning, the joyful news came that the French had entered Rome and taken possession of the city. A regular *sauve qui peut* of all the revolutionary army was the result. I was more glad and thankful than I can say; but, at the same time, much puzzled as to how I should manage to leave Rome and return to my parents. In my distress I prayed with all my heart that a way might be opened to me; and my prayer was heard. That evening a soldier, who was a native of A——, and whose name and family I knew, came to me and said he was going home, and would take me

with him if I liked. You can imagine how I jumped at the proposal!

"Presently, two or three more men from A—— offered to join us; and in four or five days we started. But the heat was so intense that I threw away everything, and after the first day I thought I should have had to give it up. I could no longer walk, so burning was the sun! But my companions took pity upon me and hired a little cart, or 'carretto,' as it is called, for which we each gave one 'papetto,' or twopence; and so we at last got to Terni, where we had great difficulty in finding lodgings.

"But our troubles were not over. To our great surprise and dismay, the first thing we were told at Terni was that Garibaldi and his legion were not far off; that some of his men were already in the town, forcing all the disbanded soldiers to join his army; and that they did not scruple to use violence if any resisted their will. Now, independently of my horror of soldiering, I had the greatest hatred and contempt for Garibaldi. I was devoted to the Pope and to my Faith, and what had made me so unhappy at Rome was the discovery that the army I had joined was supposed to be hostile to both. Rather than fight with Garibaldi I would gladly have died, and my companions were of the same mind. We consulted together as to what was best to be done, and finally decided to lodge at a little shoemaker's shop, where they would be less likely to hunt us out than if we were at the inn. But our stratagem was of no avail. The Garibaldians found us out, and threatened my comrades with instant death if they

resisted. I own that then I lost all courage, and felt that escape was impossible. But my guardian angel did not desert me. My three comrades were dragged out by these wild beasts, and forced to put on the Garibaldian uniform; but they took no notice of me.

"Owing to the extreme heat I had exchanged my military dress in Rome for a lighter costume, so that they never guessed I belonged to the army, or that I had come from Rome, and my comrades were far too generous to betray me; but it was a very narrow escape. I entreated the shoemaker, when they were gone, to shelter me in his house for the night, but he refused for fear. I dare not go out, for the Garibaldians seized every one they met in the street: but at last the good shoemaker took pity upon me, and said I might sleep in his stable if I liked. I was only too thankful, and hid myself as well as I could in the straw. But I could not sleep. All night long I heard the noise, and the seizure of fresh victims for the Garibaldian army.

"Since then I have often wondered, when I have read in the papers glowing accounts of Garibaldi's troops, whether all those poor fellows were forced to serve as these were, and driven to the war like sheep to the shambles! Very early in the morning, one of my companions, who had been seized, as I have described, the night before, came to the shop to inquire after me. He had made his escape in consequence of the Garibaldians hearing that the French cavalry were after them; so that they fled in haste from the town during the night, and my friend took advantage of their

panic and confusion to slip away from his guards. This was good news, and the whole place rejoiced at their departure. After a short rest, we decided to push on to Foligno. As we came to each town we had to show our passports to the Mayor, and then they gave us a penny a mile towards our journey home.

"At last we arrived at Loreto. I was so exhausted with the heat, and with all I had gone through, that I determined to remain there a couple of days, so that I might not go home in such a dismal plight. I wanted also to go to confession, and to pray at the shrine. Some very holy poor women were watching near the sanctuary. I went to one of them and asked her to pray specially for me, and to tell me if she thought my mother were still alive. The next morning I went back to her, and she said she had prayed hard for me, and that I should find my mother alive and well. A sort of fear had come over me that, as a punishment for my conduct, I should never see her again on earth. The poor women likewise told me that God would give me the grace of a vocation, and that I should become a follower of St. Francis. I never thought, however, that there, at Loreto, I should one day be ordained priest. But God's ways are wonderful.

"Reassured and strengthened both in body and soul, I left Loreto the next day for A—— with a light heart, and from thence pushed on to C——. It was a fair-day, and the place was crowded with people; but I did not stop to speak to any one, and went straight to my

father's house. I found him at home, as well as my dearest mother, and threw myself on my knees before them both to ask their forgiveness. My mother raised me up and embraced me with tears of joy. The only word of reproach she uttered was:—

"'Oh, why did you not write to me? I prayed for you day and night, and felt sure our dear Lord would give you back to me!'

"My father, too, was most kind. In his joy at having me home again, he forgot to upbraid me. The rest you may imagine. My friends the Comte S—— and his family were at C——, and all came to see the 'prodigal son,' as they called me. But I went first to the parish priest, and begged him to pardon me, and to allow me again to serve at the altar, to which he at once consented; and so you see, my children," said the good Father in conclusion, "what a blessing it is to have a good and holy mother's prayers."

"And did that decide you to become a friar?" eagerly asked the elder boy.

"I see you are determined I shall make a general confession," replied the good old Father, laughing. "Well, in the joy at my coming home safe and well, no one thought of my becoming a Religious- not even my mother. I never said anything to any one. I began to go to school again as before. I had sadly forgotten my Latin. But I studied hard to make up for lost time, and above all, I prayed very hard. I was very, very fond of my home: but somehow or other there was a stronger feeling in my heart, yea, even stronger than my love for my mother, and that was the desire to give myself

wholly to Our Lord. Then came my fifteenth birthday, and my good parents made great rejoicings for me on that day. But all the time I was thinking, 'How shall I ever manage to overcome all the obstacles to my vocation? How shall I get the certificate of my Baptism and of my Confirmation? and, above all, how shall I ever manage to obtain a testimonial from the Bishop of the diocese?' which was necessary before I could present myself to the Superior of any Religious Order. These thoughts ran in my head day and night.

I have already told you that the parish priest was old, and that I used constantly to write for him; and among other things he used to make me very often write out baptismal and other certificates for his parishioners. So one day I thought to myself, 'Why should I not draw up my own?' No sooner said than done. I thus got the certificates of my Baptism and Confirmation neatly copied from the register, and the following day being a holiday, I started off with them in my pocket for A——, and went to the Bishop. He was very kind to me, for he knew my father and family well. And he wrote me a very flattering testimonial.

"'So far so good,' I thought to myself, 'But now what next?'

"One day I heard that the monks were to hold a congregation or chapter at a place called Jeji, and that all who wished to enter the Order were to go there on a certain day to be examined. This put me in a great state of excitement. I inquired the day, and was told it was to be on the 11th of April. This was in 1851. As the day drew near, I began to fear, and felt my own

unworthiness more than ever. But I tried to cheer up, and prayed all the more. Very early in the morning of the 11th I got up, and told my mother I was going to see my brother, who was a Franciscan Father, near Jeji. It was about ten miles off; but I did not mind the distance, and I prayed all the way. At last I came to the monastery, and presented myself with a beating heart to the Father Provincial and the Definitors to be examined. I was so nervous, that I felt I should not be able to answer a single question. But Our Lady helped me; and, when the examination was over, the Father Provincial told me he was thoroughly satisfied, and gave me a beautiful letter to say I was accepted if I could obtain the consent of my parents, which was necessary on account of my being under age; but, if I got that, I could prepare myself to enter the novitiate at once.

"I returned home full of joy, and that night opened my whole heart to my mother. She felt it very much, as she had hoped I should stay at home, for my elder brothers had already become Franciscans. But she was too holy and good a woman to oppose my vocation, especially when I told her how I had set my heart upon it from my childhood. She objected also to my going to that Order, fearing that my health would not stand its severity. My father and brothers, when they were told of it, made the same remonstrance. They even said it would be quite useless my trying to enter the novitiate, as I was sure to break down and have to leave it before six months were over. My dear old friend, the parish priest, was equally strongly against it, and said

I had not the physical strength to be able to persevere. But I was not to be discouraged.

"At last I extorted an unwilling consent from them all, and on the 22nd of May started for C——. My dearest mother, who was never generous by halves, said she would go with me, which she did, and witnessed my clothing on the 25th of May. Strengthened by her blessing and her prayers, I went through my year's probation, and then made my solemn profession. And so, you see, the wilful boy became a steady old friar at last!"

RESIGNATION IN SUFFERING.

If there be one fruit of the Catholic faith more beautiful than another, it is the resignation which we often see in persons unexpectedly stricken by illness or misfortune, who, by uniting their sufferings to those of Our Divine Lord, accept everything with sweetness and patience, if not joy. I was very much struck by this in a young Italian whom I met a few years ago in Naples whose simple and touching history I will here relate as an encouragement to those whom the hand of God has similarly chastened, and reduced from a state of vigorous activity and health to one of utter powerlessness and inaction.

Michael Ignesti was the son of very pious parents, in a respectable position of life. He was one of a large family, and noted amongst them all for his extraordinary energy and high spirits. That the latter sometimes carried him beyond proper limits may be guessed by the fact that he had been nicknamed "Master Impertinence" by his brothers and sisters. Their mother devoted herself entirely to their education and training till they were old enough to go to school, and from her they learned that tender, practical piety which you so often meet

with in old Italian families, where religion is not the Sunday dress, but the moving spirit in the daily home life.

When Michael was about twelve years old, he was sent to college, where, in spite of the many boyish scrapes into which his vivacity led him, he was noted for diligence in his studies, and universally beloved by both masters and boys for his sweetness of character and unselfish devotion to others.

After a time he developed an extraordinary talent for music; so much so that his parents resolved to cultivate this taste, and send him to a famous musical college in Naples, called San Pietro à Maiella. Here he made rapid progress in his art, and especially in the violin, in which he became such a proficient as to astonish and delight his masters. He was called upon to play on every public occasion of college exhibitions and the like, and every one prophesied a brilliant future for the boy, who was looked upon as a real genius. Yet this absorbing passion for music did not make him neglect his usual pious exercises.

Christmas-time came—that season which, in Naples especially, is kept with such extraordinary fervour and religious splendour. Michael's father had died the preceding year; and his widowed mother earnestly wishing for the presence of all her children to console her at that time, wrote to the head of the college for leave to bring Michael home for a week's holiday. To this request the head-master gladly consented, and Michael started for his home with great joy, little thinking that he should never be able to return!

The Christmas Day festivities were over, when one evening his elder brother asked him if he would go with him to some old friends of his, who were passionately fond of music, and take his violin, so that they might get up a little concert together. Michael gladly consented, and they passed together a very pleasant evening, the party not breaking up till after midnight. When they prepared to go home, however, they found that the weather had changed; a terrible storm had come on, with a perfect deluge of rain and sleet. Their friends implored them to spend the night at their house, as they were some way outside the town; but Michael refused, fearing the anxiety of his mother if they did not return home. They started, therefore; but when they got near the street called Foria, one of those torrents which often come down from the mountains, and which are called *lava* by the Neapolitans, flooded the whole road, so that it seemed impossible to pass. For a few moments there seemed no alternative for the brothers but to retrace their steps. However, again the thought of their mother and the great anxiety she was sure to feel if they did not come back all night, induced them to try to ford the torrent. This they did with great difficulty and soaked to the skin.

Whether Michael had been previously much heated or not, I cannot tell; but the result was that the next day a violent fever declared itself, which in a few days brought him to the brink of the grave. Then rheumatic fever set in, and he lost the use of all his lower limbs, while every joint in his body became swollen and inflamed. It was three months before he partially

recovered, and then it was found that the disease had so got into his system that he would be a cripple for life. His hands were contracted like his legs, and so much so that he was unable to help himself in any way, but had to be fed like a child, and carried from his bed to his sofa. It was only by degrees that the whole terrible truth burst upon them, for everything that the doctors could do to relieve him was tried, but all without effect. It was his mother at last who had the courage to break the fatal news to him. He received it in silence, and gently kissing her, asked her to leave him alone for a little.

What passed during that hour is only known to God. But one thing is certain, that from that moment the conquest over himself was complete. Never did one word of complaint, or even of regret for his wrecked life, pass his lips. He accepted his heavy cross at once, bravely and manfully, and only thought how he could turn it to the best advantage. His sick-bed became a kind of sanctuary, where his college friends and others would come, not merely to cheer and console him, but to obtain help and advice in all their difficulties, and to learn courage in the midst of all their trials. An extraordinary sweetness and brightness shone in his face. He would never let any one pity him or pray that his cross might be removed, but always declared that God knew what was best for him, and that if he had gone on in the world he might perhaps have lost his soul. To his mother his tenderness was such that even she became at last consoled and reconciled to the heavy cross God had laid upon her boy. The one thing he was most

afraid of was lest his illness should make him self-indulgent in the matter of food and drink. For this reason he restricted himself to one meal at mid-day of the simplest kind, and even of that he took very little. The rest and all the delicacies which were brought him by kind friends he would put in a basket he had by his chair, which was on wheels, and in which he would towards evening drag himself to the window, which looked on a little terrace, where a certain number of poor people would always gather towards the "Ave Maria," among whom he would distribute the contents of his basket.

It is needless to say how eager he was for the sacraments of the Church. But even in this point Our Lord thought fit to mortify him, for the parish priest was an odd man, and, in spite of Michael's well-known holiness, would never consent to bring him Holy Communion more often that once a fortnight. He felt this privation terribly, but never would complain, believing that this trial, like everything else, was the expression of the will of God, and so accepted it with his usual simple faith and calmness. This went on for several years, and then a Franciscan Father came to see him for whom he soon felt a great veneration. This Father, finding him so humble, so devout, so patient and so entirely resigned to the will of God, persuaded him to become a member of the Third Order, that he might benefit by all the indulgences attached to the followers of St. Francis. Having done this, Michael felt as if he should like to make the sacrifice of his whole life to God; if not in the cloister, at least in his own room,

and so by degrees refused the visits of his friends and relations, and only saw his mother at stated times in the day. Then, alone with his crucifix and a skull which he had begged them to place on the table before him, he spent hour after hour in pious outpourings of his heart to God, and in loving union with his crucified Lord. In spite of his state of suffering, which one would have thought would have dispensed him from any further mortification, it was found after his death that he had always worn next his skin a cross with sharp points, on which he had managed to cut the words, "Beloved Cross!" (*Croce mea cara!*) He also determined to imitate the holy poverty of St. Francis, stripping himself of all his pet articles of furniture, books, pictures, etc., down to his beloved violin, all of which he distributed among his friends and relations and college companions, reserving only the poor wheel-chair and common table of which we have spoken, and the bed to which he was nightly carried. Nor could the entreaties or remonstrances of his family induce him to make any change in this his voluntary privation of all earthly comforts.

At last his martyrdom drew to a close. One evening after his mother had been sitting with him, and they had been as usual talking of the Passion of Christ and of heavenly things, he took her hand and said to her playfully :—

"Darling mother, you are always complaining that I will never eat any of the good things you are so fond of preparing for me. Now to-morrow I will be greedy. Get me a little chicken broth with chicory in it, in the way I used to like it so much when I was a boy, and

bring it to me at eleven o'clock, as I want to have finished my dinner soon after that."

His poor mother, quite delighted, and yet very much surprised at this unexpected request, gladly promised to do as he wished. The next morning, from some unexplained reason, in spite of all her orders, the broth was not ready till half-past eleven, when she hastened to take it in to him. He received her with a smile, but said :—

"Mother dear, it is too late! Praised be every moment Jesus and Mary!"

And so saying, gently leaning his head on her shoulder, he expired. He had evidently had a revelation of his approaching death, and wished to give his mother that little innocent pleasure first. But Our Lord, whom he had that morning received, willed that no other bread should pass his lips. Michael had said something to the priest that day about receiving the last Sacraments; but he had simply laughed at the idea, saying that he saw no kind of danger in his state, and therefore refused to bring them to him. Great was this priest's sorrow and dismay when the news of his death that very morning was brought to him! The whole town flocked to venerate his remains, and to touch his body with their rosaries and crucifixes; and multitudes, both of poor and rich, followed his body to its last resting-place in the church called the Ospedaletto, close to the Pietà dei Turchini, where as a boy he had so joyfully studied.

Eight days later, as his faithful nurse was sleeping, he suddenly appeared to her, calling her by her name, and said :—

"Janie, go and comfort my mother, who is crying for me, and tell her I am relieved from purgatory, and going this very moment to heaven!"

The poor woman ran joyfully to her mistress, and told her what she had seen and heard; and a number of extraordinary miracles having occurred soon after through his intercession, his family could only thank and bless God for His infinite mercy and goodness.

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